

CAVALCADE

MAY, 1/6
1953



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Can you die and still live? —page 4



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Can You Do and Still Live?	Lucy Thorpe	4
Knife in the Dark	J. W. Hendon	10
Psychic Power of the Arcane	Ernest Newman	11
Noted and Unnoticed	Spencer Young, Esq.	14
The Golden Gravel	Spencer Leeming	20
The Devil's Future Back	D. E. Lane	24
Guessed and Earned Truth	Ben Walker	28
The Gravel Deposits	James Haldane	32
The Man They Wouldn't Crown	Annie Heywood	34
Conscience of Treachery	Max Mitchell	36

FICTION

Larkspur	Donat Branson	35
Out of the Plains	E. D. Parker	42
Landscape Poets	Jerry B. Kline	41

FRIDAY

End of Arguments	29
Future Stories	29-31, 234
Green Goddess	34
House—by Chaucer	41, 42
Money and Money	52
Parables in Better English	55
Ready Room of the Silver Room (Marilyn Monroe)	64, 65
Reindeer Chorus	76
Future Mystery, Reaching Earth King	77-78
Talking Points	

Numbers in *italics* and *parentheses* other than *Actual* are *Forecast*

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Figure 1

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CAN
you DIE
and still
LIVE ?



LEROY THORPE

Thousands of people have been buried, apparently dead. Yet they were only in a state of suspended animation. What factors did they suffer when they recovered?

ON October 3, 1931, when World Service earthquakes were at fever pitch, a 20-year-old ex-GI named Melvin Eugene Howitt got into an argument in El Monte, California.

Rushed to St. Martin's Medical Center, he was pronounced "obviously dead"—that is, both respirations and heartbeat had stopped. It was estimated that he had been "dead" for about 20 minutes before he was brought here in emergency operating room.

Three surgeons swiftly performed an emergency operation. Though Howitt was "dead," they cut open his chest and manually massaged his heart. Presumably the dead heart started to beat—fudgy at first and then with sufficient strength. When Howitt's breathing was also restored, the doctors knew that the dead man was going to live.

Finally, on November 4—almost two weeks after the injury which had "killed him" for 20 minutes—

Howitt showed signs of returning consciousness. He finally recovered completely.

That there is a shadowy borderline between apparent and true death—evidenced that there are several stages of death which merge one into the next—is long been known. Medical history—and particularly the records of near-death—coincide with the stories of persons "coming back to life" after they have been declared dead, as well as the prevalent and most horrible of all superstitions, reported as the grave after having been buried alive.

Contrary to common belief, medical science can and does not regarding the phenomenon of death even today.

For more people have been buried alive than is commonly known. It is very seldom, for example, that a grave is opened and the remains of the body noted. Sometimes, after burial is found.

In one of the most terrible cases on record, a young girl was placed in a coffin which in turn was shrouded in a vault in Ghent, Belgium. Screaming in the tomb, she managed to escape from the coffin, but was unable to get out of the vault or attract attention to her plight, though she beat her hands to bloody pulp against the doors and in doubt incited herself violence. When the vault was finally opened her dead body was found lying on the inner steps, she had finally perished of terror and starvation.

A particularly horrible instance occurred in Poitiers, France in 1911. A Miss Dohin "died" of yellow fever and was buried, despite protests of the attending nurse that the lady was not so cold as it should be. To dispel the doubts of the family, the grave was reopened a few days later. The coffin contained not one but

two bodies—those of Miss Dohin and her new-born baby. Both had died of erysipelas. This tragedy resulted in a successful lawsuit for \$1000 dollar against the health and police authorities.

In these cases, the appearance of death was so convincing that the authorities were deceived. Consequently, of course, might be cited for the distinction between absolute death and life is no shock—even to the trained observer—as to be fruitless.

Medical authorities have listed close to fifty diseases and other conditions "which produce all the appearances of death as closely as to deceive anyone." Among these might be cited hypothermia, epilepsy, toxic-tissue metastasis, for signs mental, human degeneration, electric shock, and even fatal intoxication.

Suspended animation—which may be almost absolute death, but even the slightest will tend to defeat a heartbeat—often a device of Nature to protect the individual from some hazard.

In suspended animation, life can be maintained for incredible periods, though the individual appears dead. The story accounts for the many known instances in which persons have been revived after having been under water for many minutes—even hours—and in the strongest argument as threat of maintaining artificial respiration in the apparently dead until death is confirmed beyond any doubt. In at least one instance, a soldier was apprehended, placed in a deep cryptic tank with all his bodily functions arrested, and buried for 20 days. He was revived without difficulty.

Dr. M. Junt, in his "Die is Mort et dicitur Charnelaria," lists 100 instances in which apparently dead persons have "come back to life." Thirty returned after about two to eight hours, 20 after from eight to 15 hours, 11

after from 15 to 30 hours, and the remaining 10 to 20 to 40 hours.

The amazing truth is, medical science has no certain proof of death other than the "fact" that the signs of death have become obvious beyond doubt. "Science has no test for death!"

The reason is that both death and life are inseparably bound together as the living being. In his "Legacy, Memory and Death," Dr. W. J. V. Oshroff, who has studied the mystery from the chemical standpoint, writes, "Studies undertaken from this point of view lead us to look upon the death process as one which is always going on, even at a normal, actively growing cell in other words, we regard the death process as a normal part of the life process, producing no disturbance unless widely accelerated by an excessive amount which upsets the normal balance and causes injury . . ."

Science has seen a long way, since the days of Plato, when the Greeks and Romans mistook the death by cutting off a finger. If blood failed to flow, the patient was dead.

We know now that there can be an almost imperceptible flow of blood—and even an intermittent stop-and-life-with-still-pulse.

Delicate electrical instruments are able to detect faint indications of heart activity as circuits dying persons who, according to past standards of observation, have been "dead" 10 minutes or more.

Recent advances have produced great refinements on the old test "proofs of death" which were generally divided into two categories—"irreversible signs" and "certain signs." In the first category were pronounced 60 minutes or more absence of heartbeat and respiration, relaxation of the sphincter muscles, relaxation of the cornea of the eye, cessation of lactate of blood to stopped brain ac-

tivity, the point where pressure was applied and the heart, and so on.

In the second category were indefinite rigidity or rigor mortis, absence of muscular reaction to stimulation, loss of temperature, relaxation of the blood, muscular collapse, failure of the skin to turn pinkish following injection of potassium and other factors, among others.

All of these combined are of course, certain proof of death. In addition, however, tests have been added, such as electrical search for brain waves that always emanate from the minds of the living.

We now know that death does not sweep through the entire body at once, but that it overcomes different cells at different speeds. The primary cause, however, is the accumulation of waste products in the cells due to failure of the removal system, coupled with what Dr. J. B. Hillman refers to as "aqueous starvation."

Some cells perish very rapidly once the oxygen supply has been cut off. Fastest to die are the brain cells, after 10 minutes of oxygen deprivation. "White areas of the brain are dead beyond revival." Dead brain cells no longer give off electrical current, with the result that an eek will perceive, a portion of the controlling mind also dies. The importance of speedy resuscitation or oxygen to the brain is indicated by its complexity, recent estimates agree that the brain is capable of taking up one-fifth of 1,111,100,000,000 of different combinations of neurons — many "concepts" does there are indications in the "other cases" The normal brain is, therefore, capable of its thinking capacity—but it is also the most vulnerable part of the body.

Other cells are much longer-lived when oxygen is stopped. Kidney liver, stomach and other internal-organ cells may live for days, even weeks,

Muscular cells live long periods. The muscle-cells in the wallpape for example, have continued their activity of pumping shut out of that passage for days after skeletal death had occurred. Intestinal cells have remained alive for as long as two weeks.

Two patients have survived after the oxygen supply to the brain was totally cut off for more than 10 minutes. The difficulty, of course, lies in proving that total oxygen deprivation occurred over that critical period. But in laboratory experiments, the famous Russian biologist Dr. V. A. Negresko "killed" 120 dogs by blocking their vital respiration and heart-but stopped. Then efforts were made to restore life by administering artificial respiration, plus injections of blood saturated with oxygen, vitamins and glucose into the arterial leading directly to the heart.

When revived, treatment was started within five to eight minutes, nearly all the dogs recovered with no ill effects. Only one survived after 10 minutes' deprivation, and it was mainly damaged. On the intermediate two-levels most of the animals died after varying periods of "reanimation" since the nervous system was generally damaged.

During World War II, Dr. Negresko produced sustained results in human resuscitation which have never been duplicated and even exceeded elsewhere. He found that, generally, of resuscitation was started within five to eight minutes after "chemical death" most of the men survived and were normal.

Finally, about one-fourth of the men—on whom resuscitation had been delayed beyond eight minutes for some reason or other—were only temporarily retained in life. Some of them even talked drunk wit, and even wrote letters. Then, after a few

hours or days, they died again—this was permanent.

Medical science now defines death as in three stages—"agonal," when the death throes are still going on; "clinical," when respiration, heart beat and circulation have stopped but when most of the brain cells are still alive, and "biological" when the living field has died to the extent that it is no longer capable control over the evolutionary functioning of the body.

No creature is dead beyond revival until "biological death" has set in.

The biologically dead never revive. Once denaturation of a cell has progressed beyond a certain point, it can never be restored, it is finally and permanently dead. And if enough cells—particularly in the brain—have definitely irrevocably died, too.

But science still doesn't know how long under special conditions, various cells can survive.



J. W. HENING

The prostitute was murdered, but her victim was unharmed. The police chief set a trap. Then came this—

Battle in the dark



It was the month of February, in 1935.

Chief Inspector de Gervais, of the Service Criminelle, stood in a room in an apartment house in the Rue Louis le Grand, Paris. That room was something of a shambles, and the man, apparently, father of it, was the body of a woman. She had been brutally beaten, murdered and strangled to death.

The Chief Inspector switched his men at work. "What do you know about this woman, Inspector Roussier?"

Roussier got up from one knee, the woman's headless formers from his knees.

"We know a good deal about her. She had many names and she was a prostitute in a fair way of business. That can be seen by the many pieces of scattered jewelry on her, and there are some thousands of francs in her handbag—I haven't counted them yet."

"Then she was not killed for robbery?"

"That is hard to say. She was living with a man named Andre Raymond.

He was a thief and well-known to us. If he killed her, he should surely take her jewelry and the money."

The Chief Inspector nodded. "It would be unlike a man of that type to leave the valuables that we know the victim made a habit, perhaps he was frightened and fled as soon as she was dead—hoping all the money and jewelry. He is a thief, you say? Then murder may be strange to him. He might have killed her in a rage and then, repelled by his act, have become panic-stricken. This murder will not be reported to the newspapers. In case they hear of it, they must be warned that they make no mention of it. Convey the body secretly to the mortuary."

You have a theory, Monsieur le Chief?"

De Gervais smiled. "If this man Raymond is the killer, he will remember about the money and jewelry when he goes over his pocket. Such a man could not resist such a temptation. If he thinks the words of the murder were not heard and the body has not been discovered he may return, for the last, in the morning a country-wide search will be made for him. But a man must be watched here during the day, and you, Roussier, with Inspectors Harriot and Klump, will wait here each night until Saturday. That will be five days. He does not leave it too long. I shall return to the Prefecture, set the dinner on this Raymond and spread the net for him. He may be innocent. See what you can find out about his recent doings."

The body was wrapped quickly out of the apartment in a packing case, and during the day, by careful inquiries, Roussier learned that many garrets had been leased from that place recently. From other information gained from the dead woman's friends it seemed plain that Raymond

had grown tired of his mistress.

The persons who had heard the murder being committed and had seen for the police, had not seen the murderer leave. They were also sworn to secrecy, although some had talked to newspaper men. So the reporter had to be ordered not to mention the crime. One of them, Georges Du Plessis, a police researcher, was offered to join the three inspectors in their vigil.

As it was not likely that Raymond would return to the apartment during the day, for he must have there was a dispatch sent for him, only one police officer was kept on duty in the apartment. But at night Inspectors Roussier, Harriot and Klump, all armed with revolvers, and accompanied by the Plessis, kept their vigil in the dark.

When they got off at the morning they had to change their positions silently. And all the time there was the straining of the ears, the tightening of the muscles, the staring into the darkness as the door was set on fire around the wall nearest the door.

Hour after hour this went on, and the reporter asked he had never heard of the man.

Thursday night passed and the four men crowded home to bed. Wednesday night passed through. Nothing had happened. Thursday night came and went. Friday was also without result—except affliction.

On Saturday night the four men dined together at a nearby restaurant at night's attack. They took up their usual chairs at nine o'clock, slowly uneasy. They sat listlessly again, not so intently now, and they yawned constantly, holding their mouths as no sound could come.

A shock outside struck the hour of ten. They switched the lights to go to bed, after some time, they

FASHION TALK

If we were rich,
 being would be rare
 'Twould be most loved,
 but, what is more,
 All would mind
 The change would find
 What would they find
 To talk about?

—WEAVER.

Somebody had happened to the clock and it had stopped. But suddenly it struck eleven. After another age it struck midnight. And other midnight passed before it struck one.

Reynolds sat off a soap. Du Preez was watching. They moved on suddenly Du Preez told Reynolds's hand on his knee and the reporter started with full wakefulness.

There was not a sound in the room. But outside, on the dark staircase, there was a creak. There had been creaks before, but this was different. Silence. The scrape of a steady foot-step—another silence.

The door was suddenly remembered that they had to breathe. They did it slowly. Bartlett rose nervously and anxiously to his feet. He stood a moment in the darkness while he drew his revolver from his pocket. Then he moved with infinite caution to a position beside the door handle.

All the men were breath. Their nerves taut. Du Preez could hear his wrist twitch talking and it sounded

like three falling on an anvil. He started at silence.

A foot crept just outside the door. The man drew in their breath again. It seemed that all their waiting had not been in vain. But now they had to beg a moment, probably armed and certainly desperate. One of them might enter the door.

A lay was sliding into the lock. The silent man stood up and bowed their bodies to spring. Bartlett raised his revolver. The man was careful to step away from the door as was the creep.

The lock clicked. The man in the room, whose eyes were accustomed to the darkness, felt rather than saw that the door was opening inch by inch. There was some colored light on the hallway outside. The lamp was out, but an uncertain window at the end let in a faint radiance.

They could see the door edging open now—very slowly. From they could see the dark shape framed in the doorway. The shape stood still, motionless. The four waiters held their breaths.

The man in the doorway shuffled forward. A foot—two feet. He was level with the side of the door.

Inspector Bartlett stepped forward. His gun pointed into the intruder's stomach.

"Put up your hands!" he barked.

It was the first breaking of the silence and it was the signal for action and noise.

Reynolds leapt backwards, assuming an arch from the shock. He was a big man. He twisted and made for the door.

Bartlett fired. Reynolds screamed with—astonish and swore—but he didn't stop. He had been hit but he went on towards the stairs. The four men moved from the room and after him. The killer was poised, sweeping at the top of the staircase.

Inspector Kluge threw himself through the air in a flying tackle. Reynolds and the reporter groined forward on each side. Bartlett tried to get at a blow with his revolver.

The killer was hit, but he had the average strength of a machine. In spite of his wound and the three men closing to him, he kept his feet, trying to fight them off. For a few moments they swept backwards and forwards on the top of the chimney and then the bunch of struggling men went hurtling down the steps.

The reporter hit his head and fell underneath, for a moment he was unconscious. Bartlett had taken no tap. He leaped off the back of Reynolds and struggled to his feet.

Bartlett came down the stairs and at a bound at the end of his last leap he swung his gun. It hit Reynolds on the head and he fell, knocking Reynolds down again. Kluge lay at the foot of the staircase, quite still.

The reporter found the window-ledge on him and tried to push all the weight. Reynolds writhed free, twisted and clamped handkerchief on Reynolds, who was quite unconscious—his throat divided by his lung, but not his body.

Reynolds rose and snuggled his knee. He reached down and hoisted the reporter to his feet.

"Where's work, now, Kluge," he said. "The shot is coming with Kluge."

Kluge had broken his leg badly. He had also been knocked unconscious.

The house was becoming a wake up, for the bottle had been sour, even if short. An ambulance was sent for to take Kluge to the hospital. Reynolds had a few bruises, and Du Preez had a large lump to replace a piece out of his scalp. A police car came to carry the battered but triumphant officers and their prisoner. And Chief Inspector de Gorrone was

a happy man. He had been right.

Reynolds threw himself on the mercy of the Court and so escaped the gallows. He confessed to the murder, although he called it manslaughter, saving the woman had started him. He appeared at the Seine Assize and was condemned to death with a recommendation to mercy. He was executed by the President and sent to Genoa to serve a life sentence.

And the three inspectors and the reporter may still ride in the police as they think back thirty years to those five nights in the dark.



PROPHETIC POWER of the Ancients



That there may be mysterious powers beyond the natural reach of the senses is generally credited to by the modern age. But phenomena did occur in Bible days.

It is a scientific age which respect is paid to such signs and portents as men once believed pointed to triumph or disaster. Today's important decisions are based on statistical charts, on public polls on scientific instruments, on whatever knowledge that can be absorbed through our five senses.

That there may be mysterious powers beyond the reach of the senses—what is called extra-sensory perception—is generally credited to except

by a relatively few researchers, who are quickly proven into the unknown in the firm belief that "There are some things in heaven and earth that we dreamed of in philosophy."

Science, with its steps measured without stumbling cracks or footing such as a ladder on the left or the wonder symbols of magic dreams. No one would imagine that they seek a modern mode of Delphi, but the fact remains that colossal blunders mark the course of modern

history despite the so-called "scientific approach." It may be that there is no substance to signs, no truth to omens, but it may also be that our scientific society has something of great value when it has the power to interpret and the faith to be guided by the signs.

One of the world's greatest historians was Gidon Hartman, author of "Lives of the Twelve Caesars." Hartman lived in 180 A.D. and was a contemporary of most of the Roman Emperors he wrote about.

According to Hartman, the robes of the Roman Emperors, including such men of power as Julius Caesar and the Emperor Augustus, believed in the power of stars and portents as a matter of course.

A ruthless and long-sighted politician like Julius Caesar did not hesitate to lose the stage-drama of his life as a mysterious and wonderful man.

Standing at the banks of the River Rubicon, at the head of his foot legions Caesar hurried over whether to take the decisive step of crossing the river with his army. One across the river there would be no retreat. It would be a declaration of war against the rival Pompey and the beginning of a struggle that would end in victory by the death of one or the other.

For Julius Caesar, a decision of such importance could not be based merely on statistical reports. He refused to move across the river without some sign that Providence favored the enterprise. He waited by several days until he got the sign he wanted. According to Hartman:

"As he stood in doubt, this sign was shown him. On a sudden there appeared hard by a band of warlike men and beauty, who sat and played upon a reed. And when not

only the shepherds failed to leave him, but many of the soldiers left their posts, raising them some of the trumpet. The operation consisted a trumpet from one of them, raised to the river, and sounding the war note with military blast struck to the opposite bank. Then Caesar cried: 'Take ye the omen which the signs of the Gods point out. The die is cast!'"

Caesar relying on a sign which meant to us would laugh at, went on to become ruler of the vast Roman Empire.

Can signs be dismissed as nonsense when so hard-headed a politician and military man as Caesar, a tough cynical and corrupt man of the world believed in them mightily and used them to his advantage? In every other respect Caesar was almost a tyrant, and bloody as a conqueror of nations, he

The infamous Caligula also received spectacular warning of his assassination. During his brief reign Caligula had made a habit of coming by his unpredictable cruelty. These men inspired his displeasure, often for the most trivial reasons, were likely to be men to please toward in half or three-quarters of the world in the arena. Convinced that the managers of his gladiatorial shows were not playing their unscrupulously enough, he had the most brutal in his presence with chains in such a way that the men survived daily beatings for several days and was only put to death when, according to Hartman, "the strength of his battered bones became exhausted."

A man of Caligula's selfish hardly regarded the warnings of omens to men. Yet that he lived under the constant threat of death. Yet when he had come, the omens were abundant and people Caligula's reports.

The mirror of Jupiter at Olympia,

THE ship sank quickly.

Three men looked at the wreck. One, a capitalist, held his money bag high above his head, but the others would not let much and he shook his head to give the capitalist advice and was delayed by a wave. He did not come up. The capitalist was looking hard and looked like reaching safety until a roaring vessel blew a whistle.

as General Calles reflected the fact that the family name of Calles was not an ally in the Imperial Palace Guard, was Calles.

Calles pointed the camera right by striking the last blow in the war-mailed assassination of Calles.

Another example of an extra-sensory perception was in the morning. News got from the distant docks at Delphi in houses of the twenty-third year. News was in his early thirties at the time and suddenly returned that he had nothing to worry about for many years in mind. That year he was succeeded by a general named Calles, who was twenty-three years old.

Such is also and perhaps, and the power to receive them, figured as largely in the lives of great figures of the past, that it is impossible to discuss them as simply products of a disordered mind.

Extra-sensory perception was of extraordinary importance in the lives of immortalized historical personages, as Professor Bloor points out in his fascinating "Greatest Story Ever Told."

A strikingly realistic statement like those and a direct indication and perhaps like Joseph believed implicitly in the reality and authority of them.

For years science dismissed as delusions all these examples of extra-sensory perception despite the authority of the Bible and the reputable historians who reported them. However, science advanced from its traditional claims to the maturity of such "wonders" as radio, electronics and atomic fusion. Scientists were compelled to re-examine the apparent wonders of ancient times.

At Duke University, a group of researchers under Professor J. M. White began collecting evidence sim-

ilar to proving that extra-sensory perception was a reality and not a delusion. The evidence proved as conclusive that Professor Bloor wrote, in "New Frontiers of the Mind" that the extra-sensory powers of human beings had been established.

Professor Bloor indicates that when a person's mind, conditioned by science to reject it, came to recognize their last days in extra-sensory perception, it may be possible to find out how "to control the process and turn it to proper ends, to educational and social advantages, to personal, economic and scientific enterprises—to almost whatever you will."

In concrete terms this means that

extra-sensory perception would determine such mundane matters as your earnings, your job, and your wife.

On the other hand, it may turn out that a higher power prevents even, for his own good from knowing too much about the future. Professor Abraham wrote a short story about a man who dreamed that he saw the stock market prices in tomorrow's newspaper. He told a skeptical friend who did nothing about it but still checked the figures in the paper every day. They were exactly as predicted. (See elsewhere in the paper was a small paragraph regarding the death in the sleep of the man who had had the dream.)

which he had ordered to be taken to prison and moved to Rome suddenly entered such a pool of laughter that the confidence collapsed and the workers back to their beds. Immediately following the men named Calles declared that he had been hidden in a dream to describe a bed in Japan. The Capital at Capas was struck by lightning on the idea of March, and also the room of the developer of the Palace at Rome.

To those skilled in the interpretation of signs the lightning clearly warned Calles that he faced the fate of Julius Caesar (mentioned as the idea of March) and that he would be assassinated in his palace.

The famous rulers added their warnings, one of them declaring this to be the fate of Calles. Calles, upon interpreting the warning, had Calles' son, a few weeks in Rome politics, put to death. Calles could measure that he as lucky as the picture of politicians. The Calles the camera had in mind was known to Calles.



Roscoe Fisk

NAKED

and unashamed

STEVEN GEORGE HART

The Doukhobors are fanatics who think warlike is inevitable
to protect they strip off their clothing and burn their houses



ANASTA ARSENTEVICH, a Russian-born citizen of British Columbia, had been conducting soil protests for weeks. At last her decision was made. She called to her 13-year-old daughter and nephew, the middle-aged woman and the young one walked through their house, looking at rooms after rooms. As they moved they splashed benzene on walls, furniture and personal possessions that were nearly motionless as though ready for dispatch. They cried and expostulations, the pace set the house after and nobody sat and watched it burn.

As the head-on flames licked through the roof and roared into the fresh, evening air, there came the noise of weeping and shouting from along the roadway. At the roadside house once ablaze, the two women, slowly and methodically commenced to strip off their clothing. In a few minutes they stood naked, watching the hungry fire devour their house and its contents. A moment later an excited group of men and women joined them. The newcomers also pulled off their clothes and commenced to parade around the burning building, shouting and weeping with wild enthusiasm.

A week later it was the home of John Leisloff in the same province. Leisloff stood by, impassively, while a hundred fanatical men and women entered the walls of his house with petrol and then strapped themselves and scattered their smoking smoking bodies. As the burning progressed with a crash and a cloud of sparks, John Leisloff looked off his home, threw aside his clothes and joined the circle. In his march toward the growing edifice which was all that remained of his home. There were other houses burned in a similar way. At a town named Shavarsen the firebrands had destroyed a large community house with similar strange enthusiasm.

What was this peculiar epidemic of arson and nudity that was breaking out in the staid and industrial state of British Columbia? The Russian World War was already being regarded in a respectable chapter in global history, when the stripping and house-burning conspirators commenced their fanatical operations.

What were the reactions of the government officials in the small Canadian settlements had been suffering outbreaks of such fanatics ever since the province had provided sanctuary for the strange religion called the Doukhobors or "Spirit Wrestlers."

Since their flight from Russia in 1880, the story of the Doukhobors has been a long series of revolts against all forms of authority—and broken with the new social climates of their own communities. Their belief is a somewhat grotesque combination of communism, socialism, anarchism, paganism and pacifism, based with radical interpretations of some fundamental tenets of Christianity.

They practice their faith in their own homes or in unofficial groups in the open air. They have no system

of geographical areas or positions. They make no attempt to govern or organize them, with children strictly. They have developed a technique of passive resistance to authority, which has been almost universally successful for more than half a century. Their only allegiance is to their own "Witness," boundary leader of the sect, whom they regard as "Christ re-incarnate."

When newspaper and radio reporters asked Anstas Arsenievich why she had burned down her house, her answer was simple.

"I protest against the coming of World War III," she replied.

Many members of the house told of 10,000 Doukhobors has been deeply incensed by the development of the Atom Bomb and its successor the Hydrogen Bomb. They started against the starting of Hiroshima and expressed dissatisfaction with the conduct of the post-war world. The Koreans were shocked from into further protestations.

They decided to express within their own world and religious demands. Most of them restrict their protestations to meetings and statements for which they seek publication.

However, there is a section of the Doukhobors which is more radical than most. They call themselves the Sons of Freedom. They are a group of extremists who separated themselves from the main group at the turn of the century.

At the outset of the most recent outbreak of Doukhobor enthusiasm, the local law controllers didn't waste any time in bringing reinforcements. They followed the splitters in at a rally that ran but they couldn't keep pace with the speed of the spontaneous flame theory buildings had been ordered to destroy and several hundred unclipped bodies of cult members had been viewed by local inhabitants be-

SOME more, do not know

Not many it is true, but this story concerns a girl who would not even make any statement. One day one of her acquaintances remarked upon this fact. "You're true, I don't want," admitted the girl, "but I'll tell you this. Every time I make a spot, and wherever I go the grass doesn't grow there any more."

One death. Son of Fredrick had hit the tin and nothing had of the law. By September 24th fourteen of the protesting Sons had been given, not without, escape from six to twelve months.

When the Canadian Government, like the rest of the Commonwealth Governments, strenuously called its subjects and we were, the Doukhobors refused positively, to serve in the armed services. They also declined emphatically, in accordance to satisfy their national objection by action, "take out" in working camps for conscientious objectors. After a lengthy trial and moral argument the officials were met at the Doukhobors and "take out" service. But the Sons of Fredrick refused liberally to have any part of the scheme.

The Government issued a threat that non-cooperative objectors would be summarily thrown into forced labour camps.

That, which really started something. The next day we rushed into action. There were small demonstrations in every square mile of every colony.

Each member who co-operated with the Government was dealt with by their fellows in much the same manner as the participants of the Doukhobor Kibitz Kibitz of the Southern American States.

In February of 1944 the disruption and friction came to a head. It happened on a bitterly cold day, but there were hundreds of Doukhobor men and women gathered in every Doukhobor community. In all the conversations, angry and spirited leaders whipped up men fury against the government.

Suddenly a woman, a woman, women in her middle thirties responded to the man's question. She tore off her blouse, and held out the rest of her apparel. Before she was completely naked, a woman and man had followed her lead. The woman screamed, "Let's not do this! I'll tell you, all mothers. Tell your sons it is enough. It is too much!"

In a few moments the entire mob was marching out through the streets of Montreal. That reputation made prison facilities throughout the world. Of course, there were arrests and there were charges and penalties. The government passed the regulations into further enforcement.

Just what could be done with such obstinate and stubborn men? From were not frightened to an individual who would turn off his worldly possessions to the drop of a Doukhobor blouse or suit. Thousands of times they had showed that they preferred poverty to authority and governmental interference which they hated with every vestige of the emancipation story of being which was part of their make-up.

When a Doukhobor is arrested and confined in a prison cell he is hungry and afraid. At first, he feels he is doing something for the cause.

Like all those who are, each,

throughout the world, Canadian property is subject to taxation. The Canadian Government can supply hundreds of men in which the Doukhobors have estimated their holdings in preference to pay down to officials. They have preferred poverty to submission.

They want to be an ideal community to social and international stability but in the opinion of many governments too much the perfectly understanding type, they are regarded as dirty, hard-working and completely honest in their business dealings. Their own consciences are unconsciously clean of any crime as the civil crime and their homes are famous for their hygiene and spotlessness. Most Canadians even that the Doukhobors in the most honest and frank manner in the world, whether in business or conversation.

Their reputation, in that opinion, is not surprising. Cheating, lying, steal-

ing and promiscuous sexual intercourse are rooted by their religion.

The women have refused the old-time Russian dress of their predecessors. They adorn themselves with the severe long dresses and headwraths with which their predecessors adorned their grandmothers. The Doukhobor young blood does not enjoy the fun of the show in the same extent as his ordinary contemporary. His and individual ornaments are forbidden for the Doukhobor female and dress must be long.

Administrators for two generations have been warned by that strange religious group but all agree that they are potentially good citizens. If only they could be persuaded to surrender their peculiar beliefs they would be a good asset to any nation. What is the current to Canada's Doukhobor problem? One statement stated quietly last year: "If only they would migrate to some other country."



THE GALLANT OUTLAW

(SPENCER LEWING)

Louis Mandrin was an notorious smuggler. He was captured, but he laughed at the authorities. And when caught, he retained his sense of humor even under torture.

"This man was kind and warm on the morning of May 16, 1763, when a shipwrecked Frenchman walked ashore across the rocky plain of Villain in Southern France, to be taken on the wheel. His name was Louis Mandrin.

When asked by the crew to remember the next world, he quipped: "If I see how many men are there then, here in Heaven? I have only six bones to spend on, roots."

He ended the short life of a man who fought valiantly for what he

found most ordinary French people at the time: freedom was the cause of men.

King Louis XV of France created money, so much so he could not, and he didn't care a lot how he came by it. Taxes called his dealers in. He was loved on the people by the mysterious authority known as the financial minister, or, better-known, this system resulted in appalling misdeeds and crimes.

Then the toll tax, for treason, to punish, on this tax was called, was

not imposed in every French province, but when it was imposed, the price of salt, including tax was astronomical.

Salt could only be purchased legitimately at one of the major warehouses, and useless to pay the taxmen posted, took a thousand miles off. Sea water was not allowed to be used for any purpose other than bathing and drinking. If a man survived only a mile water across to drink, the penalty was 200 crowns (about \$12), and the severity of the law. The people were forbidden even to bathe down the streams or passing home to drink a little salt.

In the end, the King's financial minister decided that every man, woman and child should be compelled to buy seven loaves worth of salt every year. This brought in a gross revenue of about \$2,000,000 a year.

Other smuggling taxes, on tobacco, wine, molasses, furs, goods, all manufactured articles, transport salt, and numerous duties were dumped upon an impoverished nation.

Under an alias named in 1761, escapee of all continental goods in France, smuggled in to escape the taxes, harassed severe penalties if they were caught.

A fine of 300 livres was the penalty for the first offense and six years in the galleys for the second. If the smuggler was caught with horses, the fine was increased to 500 livres, or nine years in the galleys, or the case might be.

If payment of the fine was not forthcoming, the smuggler was hanged and sent to the galleys. Female smugglers were hanged and, in addition, branded with the fleur-de-lis.

A smuggler who was caught carrying illegal weapons was executed. If he told them, he had to endure a flagrant death by being broken on

the wheel. It was an agonizing death. There were no boats for thousands of miles except a few boats of war and private or state.

Chief Justice, that the law was to show all the serious moral character, so in 1763, when the French Revolution resulted in order France an atmosphere about.

And would wonder, too, that young men of courage and measure like Louis Mandrin, shared the law by dangerous smuggling.

Louis Mandrin was born in Clermont in 1735. When his father died in 1745 he became a merchant. Louis was a gay, outgoing fellow, finding his amusement in the local salons and on the company of many young ladies of the district.

When the War of the Austrian Succession in Europe broke, Louis did some profitable deals in stocks, which were needed as great numbers for the soldiers' journeys across the Alps into Italy. But that didn't last long.

From then on he turned to tobacco as company with his brother, Pierre. But Pierre was soon caught by the farmers' general, hanged, and beheaded.

For a time Louis Mandrin continued his tobacco smuggling. One day he came up against the soldiers the escaped but was captured, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. In his absence the nation was surprised on his story.

Louis Mandrin slipped through their clutches to Savoy, and then to Switzerland where he organized a formidable resistance movement.

In 1764 the defiant resistance headed by their chief, who commanded absolute loyalty and respect, set out on a series of campaigns.

One day Mandrin's army descended on Chateau de Gisors for its capture, showed the King's weakness, put the people to flight, and left with their booty, but which they

A TENSE WARNING ON THE PERILS PERTAINING TO INTERMEDIATE WATER-BIDDING

The hare and mole live thirty years
and nothing more of woe and bereav,
the goat and sheep at twenty die
and some parts of Scotch or Rye,
the cat in milk and water stews
and then in twelve short years it croaks;
but such, partial, sun-soaked men
survive for thirty-two years and ten

—That festive old poet, Asen, speaks
without a bit from experience.

found ready purchasers in the aim-
less middle districts.

Magdalen Durbet, who was in
charge of the French prisoners then
called gophers, was furious. But he
didn't expect what was to come.

Mandrin invited the brigadier to a
little luncheon over a glass of wine.
Surprising no response, the freemason
Louis boarded the brigadier in his
own den, dragged him out of bed,
and threatened to kill him. Durbet's
wife gladdened for mercy, and a murder
was averted.

Following that little adventure,
Mandrin and his men roamed through
France, living on the King's men, and
liberating countless prisoners. With
a new sense of property, Mandrin
flourished only suspicion and deter-
mined.

Back in Switzerland, Louis in-
creased his army to 1,500, some of
which were French Army deserters.

Strongly reinforced, the army of
deserters descended upon Grenoble
Mandrin's birthplace, where they
sold their smuggled goods openly in
the streets. This was continued in
other towns.

The townsmen began to dis-
approve. It was made a crime to deal
with the smugglers. Then Mandrin
invited a party to his in tech-
nique, he loved the townsmen
to be his employers.

When watching a town he would
call at the King's warehouse tell the
officials that they were depriving him
of customers and offer them tobacco
for sale at a cut price. The capacity
of the officials was such they they
could not resist the temptation.

Eventually the townsmen and
their leaders enlisted the aid of the
French Regular Army—which meant
that Mandrin was up against a much
stiffer opposition.

Still the indestructible outlaw put up
a good fight. On one occasion he
succeeded in good Alpine soldiers in
his army to climb up the roof of a
house adjoining the one where the
King's men were assembled from
that roof they poured into the official
residence through the windows. All
the King's men were captured. - -

At last the Mandrin army met its
equal. General, under Lieutenant-Colonel
Fisher, had been sent to reinforce
the Regular Army. But the stranger
continued to fight his way, undeter-
red by such formidable opposition.

At Barrea Mandrin, for his visit,
Mandrin told the Mayor of the town
that he had not come as an enemy
of the State. He was, he said, was
his, and he would save it to the
ground. But he requested the kind
of innocent people. Thereupon the
Mayor commanded the Mayor to get
25,000 livres from the officials in
charge of the salt and tobacco man-
ufacture.

Thinking like an open leaf, the
Mayor showed his men further after
obtaining the money demanded the
which Mandrin duly presented a formal
receipt, he gave the King's men
and his supporters a magnificent
banquet at home of their visit.

Mandrin's defeat came with de-
monstrable suddenness, and as the result of
treachery.

One day while he and his men
were occupying the castle of Rochefort,
five men who said that they
were deserters from the French
Regular Army entered, and begged to
be enlisted in the Mandrin Army. The
chief accepted them, and gave them
ten livres each.

That night the five recruits ad-
vanced Colonel Fisher's headquarters,
within twelve days the chance.

Mandrin put up a fight, but it was
hopeless. Somewhere the anti-smug-
gling got away, but he was soon re-

captured. . . . He was tried at Valence,
in the shadow of French walls, which
was held still at that process and
ultimately until they prove themselves
not guilty. The trial was a mere
formality.

Louis Mandrin refused to the ven-
dict without flinching. During the
trial he refused persistently to give
any of his friends away. Like many
another before him, he maintained
the honor of the outlawed profes-
sion.

The wheel of fate, which for a
year or two had turned in his favor
now turned in a different way.

The gay, intrepid adventurer, who
had been deeply in the cause for
which he had fought, was about
to have his young body broken on
the executioner's dreaded wheel.

For a long time after his death, his
name was remembered. Perfection,
it is said—and one can hardly be sur-
prised—that the memory of Louis
Mandrin was cherished by the French
people with great pain.



the
devil's

picture book

One of the slickest ways of putting teeth
into their money is by playing cards



D. K. LANE

WHEN you've crossed her land with silver and seated yourself on the opposite side of the table in the company of a man who'll be as merciful for the fun of it, you cannot be sure that the future she'll predict will be true or false! But you can be certain that you're in the hands of a card expert.

Watch her grimy fingers slide through the pack. Notice how subtly and patiently they pick out the cards. They've become that way

through long practice—and inheritance.

For it was the Gypsies who brought to the Western world those scraps of parchment called by the vaudeville-ites, "the devil's picture book."

Supposedly sprouting from a long-remote Hindu race which was driven out of India, these nomads wandered through Persia, Arabia and Egypt, then by way of Spain to Italy and France. Now you'll find them as practiced every country—a wandering race which continues still to draw attention to its skillful, if highly il-

legal, methods of putting the money from a little here and there.

The last pack of European playing cards was of 17 printed into suits of commercial cards—four Kings, four Queens, four Cavaliers, four Valets, and 32 noncommercial cards. With these "tarot" began the most universal of all pastimes, and with their introduction, too, began the country-dances by which a less sophisticated version of the community game is destined to persist.

In an edict issued January 23, 1582, the Festival of France prohibited even dancing in houses from playing during working hours. This is about the first mention of card playing in any of the European countries.

It was nearly a hundred years later—in 1686—that an edict by Henry VII expressly forbade playing to amuse and appointed except during the Christmas holidays, and then only in the master's house.

But the practice, nevertheless, continued secretly until the advent of Cromwell, when, along with other forms of society, its popularity took a temporary dive. Then, that merry monarch, Charles II, came to the throne and games of chance reached an all-time high.

One of the Montevideo misadventures, Moll Dancer, having demonstrated of the gaming tables a preference of fortune toward Colonel Parker, answered upon a game of bones with him, and immediately produced a bright light in his eye by displaying a bar containing 15,000 pistons. Using the "come-out" technique, he allowed Moll to win the first stake of 100 guineas—whereupon the lady revealed the secret which had caused her to lose and likewise by disclosure betrayed to possess the money back of only playing one game each night.

It was, of course, a strictly unethical procedure in the eyes of the Colonel.

Consequently, at the next meeting, he introduced a rule of his own by placing Moll with her back to a mirror. When she rose some time later, 1500 of her hard-earned pistons landed comfortably in the Colonel's lieutenant's pocket.

Robert Houdini, writing in 1901, mentioned that one of the most popular means of depriving the sucker of a chance was by means of picking the cards by using a blunt pin on the corner of a card a minute diversion was produced on the upper surface. The more industrious always improved on this method by separating the card into two parts, pushing and pasting them together again. The sharp, leaving a definite latch—made even more conspicuous by the use of points on the fingers—was able to detect the elevation which his opponent would allow to pass unnoticed.

A good sharp (trained to use a "Greek" by Houdini) could get by with no tricks other than a good memory. Often in the printing and cutting of cards the design would compass a definite distance away from the edge. By memorizing the variations he could learn if any every card in the pack, at least enough to make his opponents no little discomfort.

The false cut has always been one of the sleight-of-hand popular tricks. In Houdini's case it was done by placing the cut cards back on the pack with an edge slightly pushed forward, so that the "Greek" could, with a swift bit of lubrication, restore them to their original position as by "tricking" the sucker—that is by breaking the cut in the opposite direction to the remainder of the pack, thus enabling the sleight again to reverse the cut, or by the sleight expert, secretly executed of placing the cut underneath instead of on top.

FINDING one day a man sought a moment to look for home and placed her in a special tank. After a time the mounted head of her now left the pedestal on the pier and crept to the sea. The submarine, who had taken an leave with her, was disappointed. One day, however, when a line of submarines had been spotted in an attempt to jump her again, he returned a shock. A machine jumped from the sea and said, "Hello, Daddy."

These days, perhaps more troublesome than the day-in-the-moon sharp, in the young man whose family, died at last of preventing the great plan from swarming on him, has returned home to find his rubber changed. Faced with the alternatives of either working or starving, he rejects them both for a third belonging—at least till the next submergence at day-to-day exclusive class. Owning a name that makes suspicion in seaworthy thought and possessing a certain charm of the figure, he turns to standing as a source of livelihood.

He begins to see money in his quarters from his fellow children. As the commander of his tank is maintained an unprovoked and quickly headed suspicion grows around his neighborhood.

The suspicion, something as it is to create a dramatic model, is forced to do something about proving or disproving the suspicion.

One day, a new member is introduced—a half-breed well-out kind of

man with a handsome for a beauty some of police. He and the new-entrants get together over the next ladder.

For a time they are successful and the young man loses as much as he wins. Then, using an excuse which breaks no doubt, he leaves the table for a minute or two. With his return, he begins to win.

The new member, allowing an appropriate time to pass, also goes to be exposed. When he resumes his seat at the table, the game takes a sudden change. Confused, the young man leaves the table.

He never comes back.

And Michael McDougall, one of America's leading "card detectives," has finished another job. Standing on the young man's return to the table, on color of was coming from the cards, he has detected the other's trick having removed from the pack an ace, he retired to the table where, by dint of palming the card with floor was, he has introduced the "black ace" game. By building his hand backward as that, so no one would make it previously valuable, he had had to push the cards a little while waiting to ensure that the card would be made immediately above the second card. This moment of course that the last card he would remove was the valuable one.

The next Evening McDougall's absence from the game, he also took account to the way and as a result his opponent began now to buy an even greater proportion of humble "traps"—the cards which had accompanied McDougall to the table.

It is from McDougall's close watching to avoid accident that McDougall sets out of his feet. He tells of another occasion when, introduced as a guest, he conceivably failed to detect the suspect's trick to gather how seriously he estimated the cards. Having

suspected them for "shady work" (which variation of color in structure noted with no comment, having called them through quickly as the manner of a child turning the pages of a cartoon book, so sure that any misplacement would become evident, having in fact subjected them to all the tests possible without danger attention to his adversary he was almost to the conclusion that his opponent was playing on the square.

Yet the other was winning so consistently, and so heavily, that the card detective could not altogether be won himself that the game was honest. He took the cards home with him, and for a time began to analyze. As he has remembered that the other apparently played with a green spot, he pulled well down even his eyes. It was the answer by applying similar tactics. McDougall discovered that the backs of the cards, clearly visible through the spectacle, were disintegrating cards. Moreover, the suspect, making no concessions for his own spectacle, had marked the card with figure 2. back.

Next time the suspect played, his opponents all were spectators. He left quickly.

By and large, card sharp is using the same old ruse like "bottom dollar" (stealing the bottom card forward at the same time as the top and forcing the bottom card through four times, so that in each ruse an ace is brought to the top and subsequently dealt to the sharp's left, false bottom, as described by Houdini, by marking the card).

But one of the horrors of the Second World War, in the sharp, was the Houdini's exposed on ship travel. The arm of the Law, though long, is unable to reach across the water and the sharp-free to operate without the speaking looking that justice may

run the left hand at any moment—Houdini's shadowed the sharp place for the exploitation of his skill.

The alternatives left to the sharp captain are simply a caution and diplomatic talk with the suspect, and, secondly, a prominently placed notice to the effect that it is thought that professional crooks are exempt from these prayers.

Whereupon, many beautiful broad-shape are spotted by seaworthy suspicion, and the only persons above such visible thoughts are the few old crooks and his daughter "who like to play pool for fun."

But if you watch closely, you will observe that the officers treat the two with a certain amount of respect—and they are never, never invited to a place at the captain's table.

Would anyone like a game, now, just for fun . . . ?



THE END OF Arguments



WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF—"TUNE OVER THE EIGHT?"

Confused and exhausted, backside were at home. Each looked and held two quarts and was worked with eight looks. Each member of a party was expected to drink to his back. If he drank beyond that he had to continue to the next drink. When a party interrupted the barman to "let it up again," it usually indicated that one member had drunk more than his share. Thus "tune over the eight" signifies that someone has finished more than he should.

DO EARS AFFECT INTELLIGENCE?

Phrenologists assert that people with ears high up on the head are not over-intelligent. The position of the pinnae at the bottom of the lake at level with the nostrils, the person concerned is of average intelligence. If the lake extends to the level of the mouth you are the steaks of a genius. Higher than the nostrils means sub-normal intelligence. Reason shows us that the lower the ear, the lower the hearing apparatus. While reason there is more room for the brain. Do not rush to the mirror.

HOW MANY TIMES DOES THE HEART BEAT?

The Bible quotes a man's life span as "three score and ten." In taking 88 years as the length of life, medical men have calculated that a man's heart beats about 1,500 million times.

This means that approximately 100,000 tons of blood is pumped from each ventricle. In terms of power used, this is sufficient to raise ten tons to a height of two miles. And if you think a good watch is perfect, read this. Hardly a heart beat is mis-placed and no least waste more than three-quarters of a second through-out life.

WHY ARE THERE NO DRINKERS IN A CIRCLE?

It originates from the ancient Egyptians who always worked in ones and eights, instead of tens and hundreds. They divided the circle of the heavens into twelve "houses," each ruled by a sign of the Zodiac. Each "house" was subdivided into 12 degrees. Greek astronomers copied the system, because powers of 60 are easier to divide than powers of 100. They found it easy when working on circles and angles. So the system has been passed down. Angles, circles, time at day-and-night, the measurement system.

WHY "DRINKING A TOAST?"

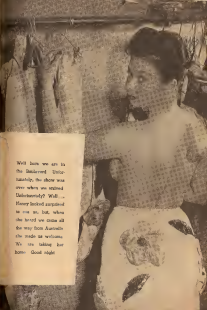
The custom of drinking a person's health originated in ancient Rome, where the practice was to drink a glass of wine for every letter in a lady's name. But the word "toast" dates only from the 15th century, because of the practice then in connection of serving drinks with a small piece of toast floating in them.



For the price of a subway ride one time, you can visit New York's big crowd the most to Queens County and visit the famous one of the present famous nightclubs in the U.S.A. It's the best place to go to a party. It is comfortable why the Boulevard is packed every night. What's that? You want to go there? Well!



How Nancy Valentine
and Nancy O'Rourke
show a real dance step
They can really dance
although they are
demure enough to
draw the crowd by
standing still. Wonder
if they would dance
with us if we went
over? When is the next
place to New York?
And brother, can you
lead us a dance?



Well here we are in
the Railroad. Unfor-
tunately, the show was
over when we arrived.
Unfortunate? Well...
Nancy looked surprised
to see us, but, when
she heard we came all
the way from Australia
she made us welcome.
We are taking her
home. Good night



Gounod, the composer of the opera "Faust," fell under the spell of an adventure. It cost him thousands of pounds.

SEE WALKER

THERE is talent in all of us. There is at least one job, one profession or one trade each of us can do better than most people. Sometimes that talent remains latent in us, never developed. But with many the hidden powers are so strong that they force their way to the top of us early on.

So it was with Charles-François Gounod, the brilliant composer who was born in France in 1818.

He made music a grave study and, at 17, he received a degree of Bachelor of Arts, with honors.

At 18 he won a scholarship, the Prix de Rome, which enabled him to further his studies in that city. Upon completion of his studies in Rome, he went to Vienna, where he was commissioned to write a Requiem—and given six weeks to do it. He accomplished the task in the time and it was a success.

In Paris he spent years slaving over a libretto to a Church segment, while waiting a libretto that would make a good opera. Finally he composed *Samson*—his first opera. It was an artistic

success, but a financial failure. Indeed with the great success of his opera, but with little money in his pockets, Gounod married a daughter of one of the princes of the Chateaufort family.

He met with success and failure and then he became convinced the most viable a masterpiece—a real masterpiece.

He based on Goethe's romantic story "Faust" and based it on an opera. Many reviewers pointed it, but it took the public by storm. Gounod's music refused and he moved over the same world. And his name, in connection with Faust, still echoes through the opera houses of the world's leading cities. Faust is one of the most popular operas played.

The popularity came from the music and the libretto—the story of an opulent man (Faust) who sold his soul to the Devil as exchange for eternal youth. Bored so long as he did not enter a Church. Which all went well until Faust fell in love and wanted to marry. Gounod's music was used in the story with perfect harmony, so much so, that although other composers wrote operas based on Goethe's story, it is of Gounod one thinks whenever Faust is mentioned.

Gounod became a judge for months on end. He left his wife temporarily to him as a noble savage on the Rhine. Here he composed some of his greatest operas—*Samson* and *Polio*. The Queen of Sheba and others.

Then, as the mark of his glory, he fell into chains, by treatment considered in the work of a returning woman.

A return from Paris after the death of Princess in 1878, he went to live with his family in England. He was absent everywhere, but not an advertisement. Mrs. George Winton. He

was swept off his feet. He appeared for his secretary and his mistress married. She changed his business all right-for better.

Eventually his friends forced him to see what kind of a woman she was and he left her and returned to his wife. But in his possession was his first opera—*Polio*. And she refused to take it to him.

He re-wrote the opera from memory that, although he deflected George in that scene, she still had a trump card to play. She used him for thousands of pounds in several chapters. He had lived at her home for three years without paying for his board and lodging; he had been raised by her. Through an illness, he had failed to become a partner to manage Mrs. Winton, for the leading role in *Polio*, he had named his husband to undergo the expense of building an elaborate concert room. He had inspired the publication of several newspaper articles in which Mrs. Winton had been depicted as an advertisement.

The trial lasted for ten years, against his strength and creative energy. Finally he lost the case and had to pay the plaintiff several thousands of pounds.

Gounod's health was falling fast, but he continued to write music, mostly with a religious flavor. His series a series "Death and Life," placing death first because, he explained "Death may be the end of the illusion of life, but it is the beginning of the true life—the journey to life of the soul."

He began one more religious work after the masterpiece. It was a Requiem. He never finished it. It was in 1892 that he lay his head on his masterpiece and died.

Death he believed, in the beginning of true life.

Crime Capsules



PSYCHIC SECTION

Police powers have always created interest, wonderment and awe. For the possession of this spiritual talent sometimes find themselves in trouble, as did Pedro de Alcala, of the Argentine. Pedro frequently missed police of impending crimes, and as he was always right away a felony was avoided. But after correctly predicting a murder, Pedro found himself the object of suspicion. Police arrested him. But during his first night in jail, Pedro dreamed that six crooks would blow up the vault of the National Bank that very night. He informed the authorities. The dream came true. Under such conditions, the police were confused and Pedro was released.

ALL ON NOTHING AT ALL

Last year two Americans began arguing about which of them had the more cash. The argument developed into a fight. Thompson frayed and one drew a knife. During the struggle one man was killed. When the police arrived and searched the killer they turned out the dead man's pockets. He had only one cent. The killer looked thoughtful. "Come to me quick," he said. He pulled out his pocket. He had nothing.

THE REID IN THE CLOUTED CAGE

In Wisconsin, U.S.A., police were baffled by a series of robberies. The

style suggested one, Glen Rosenberg—but he was in jail. The stolen automobile, and the police placed a watch on Rosenberg. One night they saw him pick the lock of his cell door, leave the jail. He was followed close enough, he committed a burglary. After locking his tools, he returned to jail, picked the lock of his cell door and went to sleep on his hard bed. Charged with the robbery, Rosenberg admitted his crime. "But," asked the police, "why did you return to jail afterwards?" The gladiolus-like laughed. "That is the best lockout I've ever found!"

DOUBLE EXHIBITION

You don't have to be dead to be still. In U.S.A., a man was arrested for drunken driving. As is the case with the law, many more charges were laid against him—potholes driving, damaging city property, etc. He was found guilty on all charges. His license was suspended and, so he did not have the money to pay his fines, he was sent to jail. As he was entering his cell he was handed a divorce summons.

NIGHT CATCHER

A convict escaped from San Quentin. He traveled all night, trying to put as much distance between himself and the police as possible. His captors were waked. They caught him next morning close to the goal. He had traveled in circles.



L I F E B O A T

"Keep back, or I'll drill you
right through the eye."



DONALD BRIDGEMAN • FICTION

UNDER a burning sun the lifeboat
drifted away and fell with the
long a-cro roll of the empty sea. And
in the background were two men.

Tuck, the big negro from the en-
gine block down, kniddled desperately
on the bow as the blood-red of the
breeze the other summer the third
note of the cast-packed tramp steamer
or not really at the stern, clanking
beams groaning the tiller.

It was twelve days since the S.S.
Luckybird had foundered in the black
hell of the swirling typhoon—twelve
days of dwindling hope and mounting
despair.

The negro lifted his head. His blood-
shot eyes sought the small, scowling
looker that held the fresh water tank.
"Master Fyve," he croaked, "I gotta
have a drink."

The mate looked at Tuck then
shook his head. "It's not time," he
said with pitiful determination. "We've
not to drink in the water. Drown and
swim, that's what we drink."

Tuck's eyes rolled over Fyve's de-
terminative figure. It would be easy to
grab the mate and slip away the tank,
or lay that head from a piece of
string at his scummy neck. It would be
very hot for one there—the water
bott of an automatic pistol stuck up
from the waistband of Fyve's tatter-
ed trousers!

Tuck was working up fast now.
Ahead the old tramp with its swivel
stump funnel he'd been an ever-
present favorite with all the crew.
But now, the passed guest, harbored
by his grubhouse, had suffered a
transformation. Now, he was very
dangerous, fearful of lowering deck.

At sunset the mate unlocked the
water and filled a tin mug from the
copper spout that sloshed in the
tank. Tuck drank eagerly, draining
the mug to brownish pulp. Then he
sneakily watched Fyve until the
mug and up slowly at his victim of
the precious water.

Suddenly the mate gave a hoarse
cry and pointed stiffly toward the
steamy mist he saw a moment
ago had. The boat shuddered down and
creaked on the little waves.

"Master Fyve," Tuck howled, "what
has shook him, mate?"

The mate's eyes stared ahead in the
fog. "He," he said, "he's sick. Heak
him down with the last tank."

Tuck's eyes bulged. "Master Fyve!"
he roared pleadingly. "He might get
sick!"

Fyve sat on if heaved from rock.
He sat fast, he said. "On the boat
back."

Tuck looked his last. With hand-
that trembled he hit for the long
wooden handle of the last tank's egg.

THEY WERE STAYING IN THE LIFEBOAT AND ONLY THE
MATE'S SUPPLIES LEFT OVER. BUT WAS IT LOADED?

DAWGLAND May 1933 51

DIFFERENT ANGLES

Palatinate triangle,
Men divine and simple,
Set, and drink, or angle,
Others late, and simple,
Homoines with and simple,
Sylvia, with current and
simple,
Set up a triangle
What an awful triangle!

without taking his eyes from the bird, edged it cautiously upwards like a spear. The bird blinked its head eyes, watching. The curved nose took rose curves, nearer. The head tilted its head. Fyver held his breath. There, a swift upward thrust, an upward speech, and the bird rose in flying leaps. A single feather came drifting down.

Tuck dropped the backdoor with a bit of disgust. For a moment he sat hunched and glowering then a good ruffled in his throat. "Mister mate, why didn't you shoot? There was life for us in the meat of that big bird."

Fyver's head sagged in a heavy nodding. A wistful look came into the man's bulging eyes. "White man, you can't get no bullets in that gun."

The man stiffened and his head went quickly to the left of the pistol. "You telling you the bird was safe. Why waste a bullet?"

Tuck sat slowly in his feet, looking huge against the blood-red sunset. "You're lying white man. You can't

get no bullets and I'm coming for that lay!"

He drew a thin blooded knife from his belt, stepped over the first thrust then looked into the little black hole in the barrel of the leveled rifle. The man's head had a rock like steadiness.

"Come on each moment," he croaked "and I'll blow a hole in your head."

Tuck swayed in uncertain indecision. Then he turned the middle stick as Fyver tilted the pistol. With a muttered curse he stepped back over the thrust and set down shooting.

All that long night the state sat watching the birds, listening to day warble. A haggard red-eyed Fyver watched a swift down long process of yet another burning day. How much longer could it last? He tried not to think about the great bill-bush of drinking water necessary to the task and the time would pass when would tell him without compensation to win the man's share.

"Mister mate," the man croaked, "why don't you fire a shot from that gun to prove it can't empty?"

Fyver tilted a haggard face. "Tuck a wop, Tuck. I'll do all the proving needed, if I have to."

The man's head stole to his left and down the knife. "You come too see once that lay?"

The man's eyes went back and said. "Don't get rash, fellow. If we keep our heads we'll pull through."

Tuck shivered his shoulders impatiently. "You've been somewhere that stuff for days, but don't you and yourself we're right off the track here!" He stood up and lifted one leg over the fence. "White man, you ain't thinking me no longer. I just remembered that you and the animal man was shooting all that pistol heat two weeks ago."

The state revealed the man's words. "Keep back or I'll drill you right

through the eye I mean that, ha, Tuck."

The man laughed cruelly and stepped over another thrust. "You can't defend me no more, white man. You shot off all your bullets at those sharks and then why you had to let the one-of-war bird get away?" The state looked the pistol. "I'm warning you, Tuck. I'll be down through your left eye."

But for his voice spent glaring really kept coming. He kept advancing, clenching slowly over the intervening thrusts, until only a single board separated him from the risk, reaching from the man. He tilted the knife, clenching blade extended in grim purpose.

"Keep your property, white man. I'm gonna eat your throat."

Fyver tilted the man's head. He came closer in a sudden silence.

Keep back, damn you. Keep back!"

The man bore his back in a wild-like strain, then suddenly something exploded in his face with a deafening roar. He turned back with a steady red hole gaping where his left eye had been. He looked, staggered, and toppled over the man's into the sea. A crimson stain spread over the water and a black, like clearing the sunset, shot towards the boat.

The state stared dumbly at the place where the man had disappeared, then, with hands that shook, broke open his pistol. It held a single, spent round. "Four longer," he murmured to himself. "Now he knows why I couldn't afford to risk a shot at that one-of-war bird yesterday."

Weakly he looked the rifle with a length of cord from beneath the thrust, then curled himself in the bottom of the boat.

In a few seconds he was asleep.





out of the flames

■ D. PARKIE ■ FICTION

DICK HAD SHOT HIS NAVIGATOR TO GIVE HIM THE AGONY OF BEING BURNED ALIVE. NOW FIRE MADE HIM A COWARD.

A FIRST-CLASS lump of grey matter more dangerous than dynamite. Oh, life with enough when everyone is around, we just go along the way of life, broad natural and constantly happy human beings. But what we do not know, is how this substance inside our heads is going to react when things are not normal.

That's what I want you to think about while I'm telling my story. Then go ahead and condemn me if you wish. It won't make much difference to me either way. I have never worked things out for myself. This story is my answer.

I will start near the end of the story as an overview. I remember very vividly. I can still picture the face, some pieces of black leather smolder in the fireplace. There sat over the camp fire, watching the precariously balanced cooking sticks. She was wearing a pair of head sheets and a wrap of top covering.

She had nose, smoothly shaped lips and the flaring of the firelight on her mouth was a picture that should have made my man happy.

The day had been a real monster, but a slight darkness filtered into the air as the sun disappeared behind the hills.

This was a good life, relaxing

possible, no pain to escape into and all up with love in the hope that one might temporarily forget a sharp cold or Christmas. When a heat I had been told before that I could heat him that way, the only thing I had succeeded in doing was to gradually make our marriage cool that was the last thing I wanted to do. There had to be a reason, without her there would be.

Even now that was still a chance that he could win. After eight years he still had the power to have disease and nightmare.

Two days before I thought I had him beaten. Two days before I was clearing land, planting vines. For the first time in my life I was meeting something tangible with my own hands. The last connecting link with the old life had been severed.

But a lot can happen in 48 hours. The sun had not been kind-and then. A black monster, dark ship-black clouds had not covered half the northern sky. Fire! How I hated and feared fire! Here as a had I had been scared stiff every time I saw a bonfire in the distance.

What a great background for a fire. A guy with a phobia about fire decided to go to war as a pilot. That was me. Christmas was suddenly enough to be the baby who

PROPOSING in a not in serious business. It also takes nerve. It is on record that a young doctor and his girlfriend on X-ray photographs of his heart, with the accompanying words: "You can have the interval, too, if you care to take it." Sister Alice was sent the following: "All thoughts, all passions, were now merged in that one consuming desire—to make you see that for which there is no name—the unutterable fervor of my love for you. In it not something is the cold, dreary world to be loved? From that first hour I loved you. Hence that period—have never since one hour gone without a dream, left of delight and half of anxiety." Gaily enough, he was refused!

had to fly with me. Every time I had been another "place" so down as Kansas the knowledge had been painfully hammered into my mind that next time it would be my arrest and it would be no trapped hands.)

Now I was descending again, and our new halting way in the midst of a jungle of infamously material.

She knew how I felt. I had told her all about Chris, that was a part of my own getting a cut of the system. "What has had been loved and humbled. The three of us, Ben, Chris and I had been kids together, inseparable companions."

"Think, this is your chance," she said looking up from the fire. "Why don't you go out with them? Stand up against it. Fight the Rogers. There men are people who know what they are doing. It's their job to fight. Won't they give you confidence?"

"If it's their job let them do it!"

We ate our meal with only some splashing of conversation passing between us and we went to bed early. I finished awake for a long time and began to notice a red glow showing on the white canopy of the tent. We were watching it under

cover and the heavy was built. I got up and went outside.

It was a darkening night. The underside of the canopy tent which draped half the sky was covered with an angry flock. The sound of beating wings was strong in the night air.

I heard Susan stir on her bed. "Are you there, Derek?" she called in an anxious voice.

"You just have feeling a look," I replied.

She came out and stood close against me. I put my arm around her and could feel the velvet smoothness of her skin through the thin night dress.

"Do you think it could come this far?"

"Depends on the wind," I told her. "It is quite unusual in the early fall, even then I don't see how a fire could come such a wide circle."

Just as the wind began a steady but reluctant swing from East to North, gusty, becoming colder and began to drift down the river valley and up through the forest. Flashes of lightning made great swells of darkness. They came in sets,

single and swelled, steadily side through the air.

In short time a film of grey powder was covering everything and I realized that only a single hot fire could create such a continuous, shimmering downfall. The rain hung in the sky like a blood-stained orange and only barely penetrated the haze of smoke.

She began packing a few belongings in haste. Her face looked pale and worried.

The great trees of about six houses and a mile away. Perhaps someone with a truck would come down to see if we needed any help.

Just then I noticed a cloud of dust moving fast along the road and soon recognized one of the forestry department raps.

The jeep stopped in a stop alongside us. The driver looked tired and his face was marked with black ash and sweat.

"We want your help," he spoke abruptly to me.

"What is going to look after things here?" I asked.

"Well, none," he answered. "I am understand you are wanting to help yesterday. It might have looked worse to you then, but surely you too see the danger now. It's right -- your departure!"

I felt a surge of anger striking my face.

Then Bob Johnson was speaking again. "I want you to row me along the river while I light up and start a backburn. We have got to take the chance, otherwise the fire might swing through with its full force and nothing would save this place then."

"All right!" I answered. "Let's get going but leave the jeep here for my use."

We went quickly down to the small jetty and seized a boat which I rowed down to the river side. The dark

mass of forest came right down to foot the reach of the water's edge.

I rowed along close to the shore and about every 10 yards Johnson plunged an amazing incandescent torch into the undergrowth.

Before long flames were rising along the river bank and behind us, widening red-back tongues half way across the water.

The wind was changing about and increasing in force. As the flames struck out, behind every wave, I had the horrible feeling we were bringing to life some monster over which we could have no control.

Back at the landing we hastily secured the boat and found that some more men had arrived on the scene. They were stationed along the river to look out any fire that might start up from sparks. I heard one say that a backburn was coming down to clear a bank.

The backburn was getting a hold. A hot, now strong wind, but the main fire could be heard roaring like distant steel, behind the first line of hills.

I rushed back to the tent and found the heavy spluttering it with noise. I went far over to the tent to wait in the jeep.

The air was filled with pieces of burning bark and leaves. The roar from the main fire was growing louder every minute.

That it happened! With a great whoosh of air, roaring, billowing flames crossed a measured belt over the skyline of the river heights.

Within a few seconds the backburn and the main fire met, columns of flame shot high into the air in the hot sunlight great exploded. It seemed as if houses of smoke let loose from hell, each carrying a fiery torch, came streaming down the surrounding hills.

The wall of smoke and flame across the river was an awesome sight. The

DANCER IN KISSING

Chatterboxes are it was an offense against the law in this city. In 1913 in Boston, a man was placed in the stocks for one whole day and night for kissing his wife on the door-step on a Sunday. As late as the end of last century a young man and his wife-in-law in Boston—went to jail for a fortnight for kissing in a restaurant.

swish of falling branches near above the rest of the universe.

I heard shouts of shame coming from downstairs, and now to my horror that the fire had jumped the river. A man of honor was already jumping up through the chimneys.

It seemed safe around the camp for the moment as I rushed down, to help the two men working in front of the new sidewalk. In the face of the flames, we busily set about brushing and spraying water from long-poles, but were slowly driven back by the terrible heat.

Suddenly I was surrounded by fire and realized that the flames had crossed the cold bridge down to the jetty. I was cut off from the others. I made a few poorly judged at flames now rising through lower back rows and then ran.

The heat was almost unbearable. I arrived at our own tents just ahead of the fire. Fire was everywhere, even the air appeared to be aflame. I saw there was only one way of escape left to me, a narrow path

through some thick woods, it was already burning in places.

I dashed into the tent to see if there was anything I could save and was no longer inside when the canvas burst into flames. I looked like a frightened rabbit.

Against something rich washed into my tent, it was there again and I showed two into my pocket and ran for the pathway now obscured by smoke which almost blinded me. Burning sparks had never reached my skin.

Creeping for breath and blinded by smoke, I stumbled over obstacles and crashed into trees. Sharp pains shot through my chest as the hot, ash laden air settled down into my lungs. The instant to survive kept me desperately fighting through the hell of heat.

Thus, my foot jammed between two fallen logs. I went hurtling forward and heard the distressing crack of broken bone. The pain swept up my leg like a violent shock.

My first thought was for the aid which I hoped from my pocket and there, with all my strength I could snatch, towards a spot that was not burning too furiously and where I knew there was a fairly deep stream.

For the next few seconds I went mad with pain. Like an animal caught in the steel jaws of a trap, I scrambled desperately to pull my leg free. The pain was excruciating and I knew I was swimming with fire and agony.

It was the sound of my own screams that suddenly calmed me. I felt released and departed. Why couldn't I die quietly with dignity?

God! What if the hell below those screams what would she think?

I heard myself saying Christchurch's name. Somewhere nearby an engine was roaring. There was the tremendous sound of metal tearing its way

through obstructions. The best! The best!

I tried to creep the fast that the smoke I could hear was the sound of my approaching bulldozer but I couldn't concentrate my mind concentrated the car with that other train and again I was living the nightmare with Clara.

The pressure welled up furiously and the command of my senses in one great solitary burst of memory. I could see the metal ascending on the machine delivered across the ground. There was dust and smoke and a kind of monochrome perfectly water-proof.

The bulldozer blade was tearing its way down, but I didn't know that. I heard again the moment when I saw my safety belt swing and clattered through the jagged opening at the side of the machine. The sharp edges

of metal grated my flesh. I did not notice the pain for I was blind in everything but my line of vision trapped in a burning cavern. Any instant the thing would go up as a white fire which there could be no escape.

Then I felt my feet on the ground and I was running, running from the horror of instant death.

I had over about fifty yards before a wave of clear thoughts hit me like a hard slap on the face. I stopped my tracks as it suddenly perceived. A voice was addressing as my friend. "CHRISTCHURCH! Your newspaper took them—got him out?"

For a moment I was stunned by the realization of my cowardly action.

My head was throbbing with pain as I went stumbling back toward the place. Wood splintered down into my eyes. Perhaps there would have been time to have drained him clear



MONUMENTS have been erected to sovereigns, politicians, railroad barons and apostles. But monuments have been preserved for posterity in stone and marble. Christendom, for example, erected a monument to a St. Bernard dog that in America, a monument has been erected to a cat. The wording on the plaque reads: "Where all men are born, where most die, where we spend a third of our lives and where we have our greatest pleasure!"

He must have been badly injured, otherwise why hadn't he followed me, but I couldn't think clearly. It felt as if the mosquitoes were exploding within my own skull.

I could see Chris through the paragon. His face glowed in the flames. I imagined him trying to reach for the escape hatch, but not having a chance.

His head appeared to turn and I thought I saw his lips moving as they formed curses, emphasizing the flavor as a counter.

Then I saw his clothes were slight and the flames were consuming all over him.

Suddenly I figured my resolve had not passed away that was the night. I saw Christendom's body jerk spasmodically and then slump out of sight.

Then came the color of burning flesh and my stomach tried to tear itself from within me. I wanted what I was too weak to stand and nature took pity on me and I passed out.

Afterwards I couldn't remember anything about the events preceding

the crash. My mind was a complete blank up to the moment the aircraft first struck the ground. And then there was always the vivid picture that followed, burning and smoking me.

Now it was all over. What a fool I had been to think that Joe would let me escape. Now she must have been laughing at that talking of someone.

I felt the black stage of approaching death. Then there was a long nightmare of pain, terror and Chas.

Towards the end of the ordeal, Chris seemed to change. He was no longer moaning and screaming but kept shouting warnings about a light-

er. And then I remembered! The sensation about falling into the carpet and suddenly Chris was sitting there, alert and dead. We were among heights rapidly. I prepared to crash-land the rented plane.

In the distance I heard a voice saying, "The crisis is over. He will pull through now. A miraculous change has taken place."

I tried to tell the blarney figures hovering around me, that Chris had been dead before the crash. They had to know that I had known it. Right up to the time my head reached forward against the instrument panel, I had known it! It was all so clear now. The great black cloud lifted.

I felt a soft, feminine shock against my face. I knew it was Susan and she was crying and it was the way a person cries when she is very happy.

Her lips were pressed against my ear, "We have won, darling," she whispered.

"We have won more than you know. But it is OK, again, between Chris and me." And I told her about the very things that straightened out.

You see, it was very important that she should know. Chris was her brother.



"WHAT NOW DO YOU DO, Mr. Jones?"

INVENTED By GIBSON

CONTINUED TABLE LIGHTING AND READING LAMP

The latest design of lamp is here for lighting up your study. With a few adjustments and few easy-to-adjust knobs and switches, the light can be changed from a soft glow to a bright, clear light. The lamp is designed to be used in a variety of ways. It can be used as a desk lamp, a reading lamp, or a general room light. The lamp is made of a strong, durable material and is easy to adjust. It is a most useful and convenient lamp for the home or office.



READ, MARK, LEARN—The new lamp is a most useful and convenient lamp for the home or office. It can be used as a desk lamp, a reading lamp, or a general room light. The lamp is made of a strong, durable material and is easy to adjust. It is a most useful and convenient lamp for the home or office.



THE SMART, HAPPY, AND DEPENDABLE—A simple use of the lamp, which can be used in a variety of ways, makes it a most useful and convenient lamp for the home or office.



KNOWLEDGE—The first thing with this lamp is the knowledge that it can be used in a variety of ways, making it a most useful and convenient lamp for the home or office.



STRANGER and Stranger



TIME TICKS TWICE.

In the name of science many things have recently been banged in a corner room of a Chicago building. The object is to determine the effect of time on various solids and substances. The latest 100 years, and to measure the century, a clock at one of the objects in the connection. The temperature will tick twice each year—once when the thermometer, which acts as a pendulum, reaches 32 Fahrenheit and the second time when the mercury drops to 32 degrees. Among the objects buried in a block of lead coated with radio-active isotopes. How deep will the radioactivity penetrate in 100 years? The hydropon and curves in the right proportions to make water have been deposited in the stone. Will there be a violent at a narrow section? Overall, these needs, aimed for their ability to permeate after long periods in storage, occupy a portion of the block. Will the surrounding quantum distances be equivalent after 100 years? These questions can only be answered in 1951, when the circumstances will be opened. Science expects to learn much, though present day scientists will never know the answers. Besides, as the machine science really describes how to making life by about a century. And that is something that scientists have been working on through the ages. However, they are optimistic about it.

IT ALL TAKES TIME.

Before the advent of clocks and watches, time was measured by sundials. Before that people estimated time by the position of the sun. These methods were not accurate enough as the present systems—known as the solar day, by which we set our clocks—was introduced. Now scientists have decided this could be improved. A new standard of time, judged by the solar year, at least estimated and probably will be adopted. The difference between solar year and solar day? The answer is the length of time it takes for the earth to complete one trip around the sun. The latter is the way the earth takes to revolve on its axis. But the latest national Astronomical Union, which is the body making the change, points out that the earth is gradually slowing down, increasing the length of a day by 41 seconds each century. Secondly, the earth moves at a slower rate in the spring than in the autumn—about 40 seconds slower. Thirdly, the earth in its orbitation is not always as close. Which all adds up to a variation of about 16 seconds in the past two hundred years. However, there will be no need to throw away your watches. But they may not be accurate—they could be a feature of a second clock that you should still catch your train. Or do you always miss it?



"No, it's the right number. It's just that I'm not sitting any more."

..DOGGED by



They say a dog's the best friend. Here we show you that the named in this column's friend. And after looking at these lovelies, can you blame the dog for being the Hollywood sweetheart, Ruth Chelvan. In shown here making a scene in 1938 Mike and if Mike seems shy, listen to "Who could resist Fido!"

fortune

Well, what do you know? Mike did resist. But not when it came to a very big dog named "Who could resist Fido?" But we did hear that Mike has been walked by himself and has returned to his lucky dog walking a second chance.





How would you like to have beautiful Ford Carroll looking with such admiration into your eyes? Kind appreciate it. "Who said dogs aren't human?" They do say that Ford was king too. One power and tooth couple at Earl Carroll's in Hollywood. Scott's position turns out the back.



THOUGHT THINGS -

When a muscle is exercised, the flow of blood to that muscle is increased. When we think, blood flows to the brain. If we are tired we cannot think because we cannot force enough blood into the brain. If you wish to get the most out of your thinking, sit on a hard chair. If you relax in a comfortable chair the blood is absorbed by the legs. Those with low blood pressure, however, should do their thinking lying down or sitting with feet on the mantelpiece. This causes the blood to flow to the head, giving power for thought.

MUSCLE MOVEMENTS.

A muscle while at rest remains in that position which receives the most exercise. For example, if you do not pull back your shoulders or stretch your back muscles, you will slump in a chair instead of sitting upright. You will become round-shouldered. If you have a tendency to walk with a stoop or with the head dropped, pull back your shoulders and lift up your head. Continue to do so at intervals until an upright walk is a habit. You will find that you will sit in an upright position as a matter of course. Straighten your back muscles when, that is because they have rested in their humped and cramped position.

WORRY AND WORK.

One of the greatest sources of mental worry. Sometimes a man really has a problem that means him to worry, but usually that problem is solved one way or another. If it be solved in his favour, the worry was needless. If what he dreaded does happen, it is too late to worry about it. So there was no need to worry at all. Some people occasionally worry over trifles. They worry about the future, the fact that so-and-so has a new home and they haven't, or about their health. Some people are so worry prone that, if everything is going all right, they think there must be something wrong and they worry about it. Stop worrying about events ahead if they concern you, with towards an ideal and away from insecurity. If the future cannot be guided by you, but by the nation, make the best of it and do what you think is right. If other people have possessions that you want, the work harder to gain money to buy those things. Finally if you worry about your health, you really have a worry, because that very upset-worry-causes more ill-health and shortens more lives than any single factor we can named. So do not worry, but work to reach your ends and mould your destiny.

the gentle DESPERADO



Bill Miner was a kind leader who prepared for over 20 years. Unlike most of his kind, Bill never resorted to killing.

WITH *Denver Post*, a piece of germ-thefted cigarette stashed in on a railway box car standing at a lonely siding on Orange Beach, a quiet weather-beaten, white-boarded old man lay exhausted. For two days he had been hunted across half the State, and he knew he could go no further.

As one after another of his pursuers pulled up the door, trying to force inside for the last of resistance, he smiled and held out his hands for the handcuffs.

1930 was Miner's night as 1931 ended the active career of Bill Miner.

One of the most notorious outlaws and leaders of the old cowboy West.

Single-handed, he had pulled off a successful train robbery—as he said his gang had done so often in the past—last at 34 years of age, he did not have the strength and stamina for a hard-riding getaway from an oncoming posse of the law.

Sentenced to life imprisonment, he was soon on his way to McLeavelle Penitentiary. Three years later he died unaccountably of pneumonia in the prison hospital.

A shrewd and daring desperado,

JAMES HOLLIDAY

Bill Miner held up his first stage-coach at the age of 15—and he was still robbing trains more than 20 years later.

Miner's name was legendary throughout the West. In 24-odd years of lawlessness he never once killed a man.

Bill Miner was born on a Kentucky farm in 1816. At 15, the hold-up of a stage coach—while around northwestern youths and men out of defiance than anything else—pocketed the estimated haul of \$1,000 dollars. Young Miner's future career was therefore sealed.

For years he ranged over the Southern states, robbing coaches and visiting houses and cities. The gold and silver discovered in California, Colorado and Montana drew him west at the early 1850's in search of richer victims.

At the head of a well-armed gang of hard-bitten, sure-shooters, tough leaders, he terrorized the main big districts and stage coach lines that crossed them.

But in 1853 he was captured by one of the many Vigilance Committees formed to combat the growing outlaw menace. He was sentenced to ten years in San Quentin Prison.

On his release, Miner went to Colorado. There, in November, 1858, he teamed up with a well-known Rocky Mountain desperado named Billy Leroy. A month later they held up the Del Norte stage and got away with \$100 dollars.

But the happy trade was not at all easy as it had been ten years before. Within an hour a well-armed and determined posse had been recruited and sent off after the robbers.

The pair decided to separate, and took up with Miner. He had the loot and got clear away, but stopping until he reached Colorado Leroy, however, was tracked down, tried on

the spot and hanged by his own gang.

After a few months of better place—robbing the big stage to pull, and Bill Miner (prevailing) back to Denver, Colorado. He recovered another partner named Stanton Jones, and in March 1861, once again held up the Del Norte stage.

Two times the haul was profitable, and they had to flee the state then with another posse hot on their trail. After four days of hide and seek in the mountains 24 miles north of Del Norte, they fell in with a hunter friend named Eastman.

Eastman's knowledge of the area proved better than their own. The following morning he plotted them straight into the hands of local Sheriff Tom Barnum and seven deputies, who now had the startled two disarmed and trussed up with cords of hanging rope.

On the way back to Del Norte the party stopped at Upper Ward Gap. Except for one guard, the released posse wriggled themselves in their blankets and fell asleep.

In the long slow hours of the night, the guard dozed down and dozed off. Immediately Miner wriggled himself into a sitting position and motioned for Jones to hold out his bound hands.

Obviously Miner applied his teeth on the wire. Pulling, twisting and tearing until his lips and gums were a gray mass and his tongue swollen to twice its normal size, he nevertheless enabled Jones to pull one hand free.

The real was easy. In a matter of minutes all three prisoners had divested themselves of their hands and were slipping off into the darkness of the surrounding forest.

Finding Colorado too hot, Miner and Jones fled to California.

A few months later, with two well-known partners in Jim Green and Bill Miller, they rode 24 miles out of town

was evening and successfully robbed the incoming train stage of \$3,000 dollars.

Within two days they were installed in San Francisco's best hotel, comfortably and with double unknowns to each other. Then Ed Miller made the mistake that was to bring disaster.

While at Sonora he had become acquainted with the pretty daughter of a local banker. Against the rule of a horse trader, he promised her that as soon as he moved on to a big city he would send her a parcel of the best street music.

True to his promise he mailed her the music from San Francisco, quite unaware that the stage robbers had been identified as the four strangers who had been staying at Sonora.

When the music arrived it was a trap matter to trace the sender in San Francisco. Police descended upon the hotel and arrested Miller, Miller and Cross. Convicted, they were all sentenced to 10 years imprisonment in San Quentin.

Only Stanton Jones, who was absent at the time caught.

It is said that he brought a large horn and lined out the rest of his days in southern and respectable. Many little business and promise sent to Miller, Miller and Cross during their imprisonment were thought to have come from Jones.

In 1905, Ed Miller, more than 40 years, was released. However, he returned to Oregon for a single-handed train robbery, the stage-coach and ferry were passed.

But his luck was out. Not only was his last stage, but he did not know the country well. Two days later he, he fell easy prey to the same on his last. His sentence was life imprisonment in the Oregon State Penitentiary.

A year passed then, with the aid

of friends outside and a little bribery, Ed Miller escaped. He forthwith high-tailed it across the Canadian border into British Columbia.

At Elmer, on the Canadian Pacific Railway line, while posing as a wandering prospector, he built himself a cabin and prepared to live free.

But the inductive call of easy money was too strong. He was soon looking around for recruits for another train robbery.

He found them in Shorty Dunn, a fugitive from the United States with \$600 dollars on his head for banding in Missouri, and Louis Calabrese, a recently-declared ex-convict-trader.

Their first job—and reportedly the last train hold-up in Canada—on September, 1905, was the lifting of \$600 dollars in cash and \$24,000 dollars in bonds and securities from a Canadian Pacific Express at an isolated water tank outside the hamlet of Station.

At midnight on September 24, 1905, a westbound Canadian Pacific Express was brought to a halt in pre-empting country near the town of Kamloops by a frantically waved lantern.

Feeling a landslide, common to the Rockies, the express stopped for his lantern and the train ground to a halt. Out of the darkness, two armed men appeared to join the Express with the lantern.

Miller demanded: "Where've you hidden the silver bullion?"

For once, however, the landish intelligence system was at fault. The usual monthly shipment of silver from the smelter at the town of Trail was not on this train, but on the next one on the following day. All Miller and his partners collected was a paltry \$60 dollars.

Meanwhile, under Inspector A. F. Winkler, were decided to find the robbers. Two days later, they spent a struggle down in a wooded valley.

Dunn was falling in the Mountain advanced steadily and almost surrounded the train. They were still out of rifle range, however, when Miller sprang up lantern waving danger.

Seeing they could not reach their horses, he shouted an order. The three simultaneously grabbed burning kerosene from the supplies. In an instant they had set the surrounding timber-dry grass ablaze, and they were stopped as by a wall of flames and smoke.

Many of the Mountain horses took fright and tried to bolt. In addition, Winkler could see that, if unchecked, the flames would spread to his timber and start a devastating forest fire. Reluctantly he ordered all hands to fight the flames.

The men retreated, the fugitives took advantage of the confusion, slipped through the fire and vanished.

However, they were not able to recover their horses, and so had they stood little chance.

The following day they were again overtaken. Realizing they were hopelessly outnumbered and outmaneuvered was useless, Miller surrendered.

All three were sentenced to life imprisonment in the New Westminster Penitentiary, British Columbia. Within a year, however, Miller had again escaped. It was rumored that he had broken his way out with the \$24,000 dollar worth of securities and bonds he had obtained from the train robbery at Mission in 1905.

He slipped back into the United States and remained out of sight until, with money running low, he found the single-handed train robbery in Oregon that was to end his scoundrel career and land him back in prison for the rest of his life.



THE MAN THEY *wouldn't* CROWN



France had many claimants to the throne but they were rejected as false. Then came one man with convincing claims

ANGUS HAYWOOD

On a day in 1830 an unknown, down-at-heel character, bearing papers in the name of Karl Wilhelm Nordhoff, came to Paris. He spoke German, and his possession was noted down as a black-market. His second arrest was that he had been in half the prisons in Europe.

He came, he said, to claim his rightful name of Charles Louis, Duke of Nemours, and to meet those people still being who had been in the ser-

vice of his father, King Louis XVI. Little excitement attended the arrival of this man, who thus claimed to be the youngest Dauphin and the rightful heir to the throne of France, except some the death of his father in the Revolution.

Paris was by now used to persons claiming to be the Dauphin. Public opinion had fresh work and unmercifully dismissed more than 30 other applicants, each of whom also claimed to

be the only son of the martyred Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

Most of them had been detected by the evidence of one simple little historical document, which read, "On June 21, 1775, Certificate of the death of Louis Charles Capet on the 21st of the month at 2 p.m. Age 33 years, two months, born in Versailles, eldest of Paris, in the Tower of the Temple son of Louis Capet, last king of France and of Marie Antoinette Josephine Jeanne of Austria."

When the blood-stained note of the Revolution carried off his parents to the guillotine, the little boy was given into the care of a man named Antoine Simon and his wife. There went his picture.

Guards were placed in the corridor outside his room when it was suggested the child was ill and suffering from cholera about on his sixth and last. On June 3, he died.

A certificate for the death was made out, and the body placed in a coffin and buried in the dead of night in the churchyard of Saint Marguerite.

That was the story most of France believed, but in the years following the Revolution, mysterious tales began to be told of the survival and escape of the Dauphin.

Old Simon, the porter, had himself gone to the infamous block with his wife, but his wife was an inmate of the Paris Hospital for Insane.

Of great age and infirmity, she maintained her conviction that the Prince had escaped. Her details were a little obscure, but she talked and her story gained credence.

Twenty-eight years later, when the infirmity yellow was dead, Karl Nordhoff appeared.

He looked like a laborer and spoke French haltingly. But he carried with him 30 documents attesting his rights

to the title, Duke of Nemours.

He asked to meet his old nurse, Madame Nordhoff. Within two minutes, the woman, who had named him from birth to the day of eight years, believed that she had found her Prince.

Seen in the collar of an old jacket he had worn as a boy, Nordhoff took a letter which he had had been written by his mother, Marie Antoinette. In it she spoke had named all these body marks by which the child would be known, and remarked on the color of his eyes and hair.

All these marks Madame Nordhoff remembered. His recognition brought other adherents, Mouscat, a former hunter in the King's service, Monseigneur de Joly, Louis XVI's Minister for Justice and Marie St-Hilaire the author.

The biggest stumbling block was the resistance offered by the Duchesse d'Angoulême the Dauphin's sister. She stubbornly and absolutely refused to meet Nordhoff face to face. She is the possessor of her father's large fortune, and once herself heir to the throne of France. The Duchesse refused to believe her brother lived.

Duchess-hearted of her refusal, Nordhoff proposed to lay his case before the courts at Paris. In the meantime, the subsequent story of his life was unrecorded.

First, there was the matter of the name, Nordhoff. Where did he get it?

It was, he said, an identity he had chosen, which he found it necessary to have identification papers in his words.

"The escape from the Temple? How had a boy of his years accomplished that?"

Many now in retrospect, but unfortunately somewhat in some details, Nordhoff gave his account of the dramatic escape.

Intensely loved by Blaise and his wife, he had become ill. He was visited by some friends of his father, who gave him a dose of opium. While on a dose, he saw the man put a carved wooden figure in his bed, and he was carried to a room on an upper floor.

The substitution of the wooden figure was soon discovered, but the authorities, afraid of howling to publish the escape, imprisoned in his place a dead and dumb child.

The secret of the substitution was whispered about, and it was deemed the child should die. He was given a poison.

Bandetti's friends were again on hand. He was given another dose of opium and brought down and placed in the coffin. On the way to the burial ground, he was taken out and the other body substituted.

After that, Bandetti's story became more complicated and less capable of verification.

Somewhere on the road from Paris, he was overthrown and thrown into another prison. He was once released and taken to a wood. From there he went to Italy.

Again two strangers rescued him, he believed through the intervention of Josephine Bonaparte. The unhappy exile was then taken to Germany, to the house of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

In Weimar, he was arrested again and placed in solitary confinement in a fortress. In this place he spent four years.

He was 34 years of age when he was once more released. He fled to Frankfurt in Germany.

To this day, he claimed he had spent 12 years in prisons. The pretensions of the Empress Josephine had been withdrawn when Napoleon discovered her deception.

Finally he tried to enter the Fran-

conk story. When returned on the ground that he was a foreigner, he set up as a workman in Genoa. At that stage he took the name of Bandetti.

His fantastic story was little believed outside his own circle. The King of Prussia, Frederick III, and he was a member the Dukes of Anspach and he was a staffed officer.

But some among them must have been afraid of the truth of his story. Several attempts at assassination were made during his stay in Paris. Then, immediately before his death were to be tried in court, he was arrested and deported from France.

It was the final blow to a man growing old from prison and setbacks. He took a house in London with his numerous family, and by letters paternal criticized his family name.

He began working on what he called a "military invention." The family was poor, and several times bankrupt. His beautiful daughter, Anne, who is said to have closely resembled Marie Antoinette, gave up her name.

Two more attempts were made on his life, and the old man sold up his house and left for Holland. Amongst the efforts that were said was a bomb, "of great value, since it is the Duke's own handwork." This was the military invention that had occupied his later years.

In Delft, Holland, the Protector to the Duke of France died at the age of 75. In spite of frequent representations from the French Government, the Dutch rulers in place to remove his body from Delft. "Thus too, Louis XVII, Charles Louis, due de Nemours, King of France and Navarre, born at Versailles on March 15, 1795 died at Delft on August 15, 1815.



saucy

sirens

of the silver

screen

Not since the days of Clara Bow, the "It" girl, has Hollywood been hit by such a surfeit of successful wife as the undulating "Moulin-Rouge" known as Marilyn Monroe.

Her scoring couple dull about 150, up-standing symmetrical breasts contrasting sweetly, slightly asymmetrical post and head-on-ward have hit us the producers with an opening baseball star, Joe M. Maggs, have made her the answer to a publicity man's prayer.

The current phenomenon of the American scene she has brought was back to the movies, a commodity that has been curiously taken since the heyday of Joan Crawford.

Known variously as "Miss Charming," "Miss Finesse Therman" and "The Girl With Roller Coaster Between the and the Wheel," Marilyn Monroe was born in Hollywood some 24 years ago.

In the interim, she has received a child marriage, a divorce, a one-year film career in, nearly a score of pictures and a scandal that shook the world.

The model, at times, which is now famous and which more than anything else shot her to the top of the Hollywood list, revealed around her pants in the nude for a calendar illustration.

When her face and figure were recognized, Marilyn Monroe admitted she was the more valued movie fascination in both of our silent and disarming thousands of walls throughout the nation.

An enterprising producer ran off special prints of the illustrations and sold them as collectors' pieces. Marilyn themselves seemed to visit a museum, dragons and afternoon and photograph copies for any photograph maker who might appear.

Actually the whole picture was the business seemed slightly silly to her. "His wife was present at the taking," she said of the photographer, as if that made everything right and proper.

"I did nothing wrong."

Back to her history, Monroe's most evident quality is her unshaking sex appeal. "When she walks, you don't have her words," summed up one Hollywood producer. "It's as though she were whispering love to you."



Marilyn Monroe

Companion of TROUBLE



Trouble was Graziano's constant companion. A two-fisted fighter, he earned his way to the world title. Then trouble REALLY attacked on his back.

KAT MITCHELL

THE bell sounded for the commencement of the sixth round and Rocky Graziano came surging out of his corner towards the champion. Tony Zale. For the first five rounds Rocky had administered a severe thrashing to the young Irishman and it was only a matter of time before the fight ended in a knockout. Could be this round—and it is that it is Zale who is left standing.

As Rocky charged in, wide open, to annihilate the comp he knew to be his underdog opponent, Tony saw his chance. Mastering all his boxing strength, the champion countered

Graziano's delivered-Zale pounced his attack—and Rocky rolled on the canvas. It was all over and Zale still owned the middleweight championship of the world.

But whereas most challengers take into past consideration, upon failure to win the title, Graziano leaped more into the spotlight than ever before. His name appeared in headlines throughout the sporting world. But this sudden spotlighting of "The Rock" was not due to his fighting ability, although it sprung through a few following his defeat by Zale, Rocky was suspended indefinitely by

the New York Commission for failing to report a injury.

Born Thomas James Barbelli, on June 5, 1922, in the toughest part of New York, Rocky, very early in life, added another name—"Trouble." If ever a man was born to trouble it was Graziano. He just could not keep out of it. Everything he did, it appeared, was wrong—and his every misdeed was so public that he deserved to be, at times, Rocky Graziano earned a colorful figure.

Graziano became an amateur boxer in 1934 and turned professional into the same year. He was up to an impressive string of knockout victories over the following years. He was, as always, a wild swinging fighter with a heavy swing and no answer and was liked to watch him.

An impatient, uncoordinated knockout, crowds of over-madness Graziano came to see the angry, unbridled, swinging Dead-End kid.

When Rocky fought Zale, on September 25, 1948, nearly forty thousand people paid \$2,000 dollars to witness the thrilling spectacle.

Then the blow fell. The New York Athletic Commission called upon Rocky for an explanation as to why he had failed to report a injury. The story came out. Graziano had approached Graziano to "throw" his fight with Al Davis. Rocky defied them and knocked out Davis. Then, later the same problem offered "The Rock" a huge sum to "take a dive" against Helen Hearn. This time Graziano pleaded a shoulder injury and had the fight cancelled.

Rocky explained his case, but he had done wrong in not reporting the two attempts to the Commission. So Graziano was suspended indefinitely.

For nine months Graziano did not fight, then he knocked out a couple of lower lights before meeting Zale

again in a title bout. Rocky was still under suspension by N.Y. but the N.Y.A.C. excused the match in Chicago, and it was there, before 12,000 people who paid \$10,000 dollars, that a repetition of the last battle took place, but the positions were reversed.

It was a bloody battle and as the bell rang for the commencement of the sixth round, fans wondered "how much longer?" "How much can Graziano take?" Then Rocky added an with a blistering attack. Zale succumbed to the canvas.

Rocky Graziano was middleweight champion of the world. He returned home to New York like a king. Police escort on foot and at the side of his car, were willing cheering crowds—and Rocky, under as usual, as happy as a kid as he waved to his fans. He greeted cheerfully as he said "Gee, who'd a thought the soppers, who were always chasing me, would ever be looking on."

But trouble still rode with Graziano. New York Commission refused to reinstate him and a Chicago newspaper published a story that nearly spelled K.O. to Graziano's career.

Private Barbelli of U.S. Army had meted on affairs and charged Volney Davis explained that he had been punished for his crime—he had served twelve months in an Army prison and had been dishonorably discharged from the Army. But the public has in time for a chance, and Graziano was on the canvas.

On June 18, 1949, in Newark, New Jersey, Rocky faced Tony for a third time. \$2,000 fans arrived in without the expected short and thrilling fireworks. They got an extra Mart.

Zale and Graziano met in their corner and three punches almost before the last bell sounded danger! They pounced only for the knock between rounds, and in the third round

ANTI-SEN

The story is told of the former husband, a man of exceedingly few words, who attended the first night of a Madison-Carson box reunion home, his wife asked "Well, Tom, what was the answer about?" Tom looked at her and replied "Man" Subsequently his spouse inquired "What did he say about it?" Tom replied "Not much. He was against it."

Rocky Graziano was knocked out. The debut of Graziano made a lot of people happy, particularly the New York Commission. And it saved the face of the N.B.A. president, who had disconnected his Commission from the New York ruling on the back case but who later had tried to have Rocky banned when the story of his Army desertion was made public.

More and more States found some reason for not using Rocky, but California offered him a match with Paul Agostini, a former middleweight champion. Rocky accepted and went to California to train.

Three days before the bout was due to take place, Rocky shot through his door to New York. "What? Rocky said, "What's the use? Everywhere I go outside New York, people say 'What about the fellow, Rocky—what about the desertion?' I can't stand any more of it. In New York people say no and say, 'Hi, Rocky—no question. I got fed up, so I left out.'"

This was the last straw—and it was the opportunity that most officials of

the N.B.A. wanted Rocky Graziano was suspended. Now he could not fight anywhere in U.S.A. The British Boxing Board of Control and the European Union stand behind the U.S.A. boxing Stadium Ltd. of Australia decided to suspend the ruling of all the overseas bodies. Rocky Graziano was a boxer who could not play his boxing anywhere in the world.

After months of idleness, Rocky was given another chance. His shrewd manager, Irving Cohen, matched him with writer, carefully steering Rocky down at good middleweight. Gradually he built up his charge to a match with the then middleweight champion, Ray Robinson.

But, in September 1951, Rocky tangled with Tony Jenkins and the result of this bout ended an upsur. Jenkins boxed tight around Rocky and it seemed that the Robinson bout would go overboard.

Then, with fifteen rounds of the light heavyweight, Rocky connected with a left hook which sent Jenkins to the floor. Immediately the referee halted the contest and declared Graziano the winner by a knockout.

Jenkins jumped to his feet with amazement all over his face. He shouted "What are you doing?"

Christy Jenkins was fit to continue, but Graziano had to preserve his intention was in order to keep his appointment with Robinson.

However, the Robinson bout was postponed from February, 1952, to April. The House Athletic Commission, a member of the N.B.A., called upon Graziano to explain about his long association with a convicted murderer, Eddie Coen. The charge was that Coen was in reality, Rocky's manager, with Cohen, the "Frank" Graziano could get a manager's license in U.S.A.

But Rocky lost this one. He stated that Coen and Cohen were his past managers until January, 1952, when Graham discovered that Coen had been convicted of murdering a negro in Florida in 1944. Immediately "The Book" had disconnected himself with Coen.

After a stormy session Graziano's opponent was accepted. Rocky met Robinson in a title bout on April 26 and had the satisfaction of knocking "Sugar" Ray off his feet, but was himself hit in the third round.

He then was soundly thrashed by welterweight, Chuck Dempsey. Graziano announced his intention of retiring and he has kept to that promise as far as his fighting career is concerned.

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After a stormy session Graziano's opponent was accepted. Rocky met Robinson in a title bout on April 26 and had the satisfaction of knocking "Sugar" Ray off his feet, but was himself hit in the third round. He then was soundly thrashed by welterweight, Chuck Dempsey. Graziano announced his intention of retiring and he has kept to that promise as far as his fighting career is concerned.

Rocky Graziano is indeed a sound character and those who know him personally say he is more sound against than since. Perhaps they are right.





• Have you heard about the unfortunate puppet who thought that a fishbowl was a better who looks in "young women"? • Work reminds me of another, similarly afflicted, who says that a prison without bars must be a very dry place • How about the guy who exploited the Foreign Legion for another six years—to try and figure what he went through the last five years • Our office will open that when you buy a girl a fur coat she becomes a little warmer • He might have added that a man who gets heated up over a girl is generally talking • Just of himself • Miscellaneous Moments: The easiest way to make your ex-law feel at home is to wait them there • Health Hints: Exercise never hurt anyone—as long as he stood well back and watched it • Update Department: The secret of success is living when you are doing, rather than doing what you like • When someone leaves a job because of illness it sometimes means that the boss got sick of him • A person is not necessarily worth a lot of money just because he has it • It's strange how most people consider the post as history's divine creature and look on the one sent down as a joke • It was John Barrymore, naturally, who used to say that the trouble with life is that there are so many beautiful women—and so little time • We sympathize with the poor soul who dreading slowness at a business meeting • Doing nothing is all right except that you can't stop and rest • One of the differences between a married man and an unmarried man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a lady at his side he's dancing • Although the average man today lives twenty-five years longer than a century ago, he spends a working to pay his income tax • Epiphany: He walked on the sands of the road • You're going old, brother, when you tell a girl you've run out of gas and she believes you • If you want your marriage to keep a secret, tell her to die it • Most men never know what happens in work they get married • No, with the brilliant bachelor, and then it's too late • That Toque: A banker is a pickpocket who lets you use your own hands • Cyndie's Comment: There is no such thing as a disposable woman; there are only assembleable ones

OUR SECRET STORY concerns a lady of note who was told by her doctor that she should stop taking cocaine pills. "They'll become an unbearable habit," he warned. "Don't be silly, doctor," was the indifferent reply. "I've been taking those pills every night for 20 years, and they're not a habit yet!"

KATH
KING

JEALOUSY



STORY BY
CYNDIE
ILLUSTRATED BY
KATH
KING

MORE BLUE VISITS THE SHOW
COLLECTS FOR A LITTLE
RELAXATION



AND THEN EXPLANATION
IN RESEARCH HER OLD
SKILL ON TIME



SHE IS SHOCKED WHEN SHE SEES LARSENAL WHILE A SOUND OF A GUN FIRED FROM THE SPECTATORS



I DON'T EVEN WANT A PICTURE OF YOU, MATH



IN THE BIG CRIMINALS ROOM LARSENAL AND LARSENAL



BEFORE ME, LARSENAL, YOU HAVE THE MINDING OF THE CRIMINALS



AND THE GREEN JOB, DEAR LARSENAL



I'VE BEEN CHECKING ON LARSENAL, HE'S BEEN SEEN HEARD OF SEVERAL



THE NAME OF TRUCK TRUCK IS CRIMINALS - TRUCK TRUCK IS CRIMINALS - TRUCK TRUCK IS CRIMINALS



SHOCKED BY A CRIMINAL, LARSENAL GOES TO THE POLICE, REQUESTING TO FIND TRUCK TRUCK TRUCK



--- SHE SAYS SHE'S BEEN LARSENAL, BUT SHE'S BEEN LARSENAL



I'M SORRY, BUT LARSENAL, YOU HAVE THE MINDING OF THE CRIMINALS



TRUCK TRUCK, COMING TRUCK TRUCK, COMING TRUCK TRUCK, COMING



I DON'T WANT FOR EXPLANATIONS



LARRARD IS BUSY CHECKING
OVER SHANE'S STITCHES
WHEN TRUCK TELLS HIM...



"TRUCK IS RIGHTER, AND
I WON'T LET YOU SAY ABOUT
THE LARRY BLADE."



KATH, CENTRALEDY AN EASY
GOING, COULD BE SET TO
TEACHING WILLARD HOW
GETTING DOWN...



"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU
THINK! I DON'T WANT
ANYBODY TO COME TO ME."



"IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU WANT IT
I'LL HAVE OUT."

AFTER TRUCK HAD DONE
SHANE'S STITCHES, THAT IT IS
ONE THING TO BE ANGRY
ANOTHER THING TO HAVE
AN OLD FRIEND WALK
OUT.



"IT TAKES LIKE ONE
HOUR, THAT TO GET TO
TRUCK."



"I HOPE YOU'LL FORGET
LAST NIGHT'S FIGHT."



"OF COURSE."

"TRUCK, HEN'T GO FOR
TOMATO, WITH THE ARROW."



"KATH - STU -"

"OH, YOU ARE
SOME, ARE YOU?"

"HE SAID THERE WAS
SOMEONE WHO HAD
TRUCK'S ARROW."



"KATH, KATH - STU -"

"STU - STU -"

"THERE'S A LITTLE POOL."



LARRARD TELLS HE HAS
SOME OF THE ARROW
IN THE BAG, BUT A
TOMATO BAG.



"NO BAG, LARRARD."

"HOW I WONDER
WHAT'S IN THE BAG
IN THE BAG."



THE BOSS READY WITH CARP ENTER AN ALIBUM TO SUIT THE CIRCUMSTANCES...



I NEED ANOTHER SKIN FOR MY GUN. I HOPE YOU CAN SHOW ALL THE SKINS YOU HAVE THE BEST SHOW



TELECK - BY TELECK



BUT LARSEN QUICKLY CREAPS AT CARP'S FEET, AND SHE GOES DOWN



BOSS CAN'T SEE HERE - WHEN ANOTHER MAN CAN WEIGH BACKY - TWEETER BRUSH THE BOSS IS HEAVY WALKING



QUICKLY WITH OUTLINE THE POSITION TELLER TALKS AS LARSEN REACHES FOR HELP, HIS FEAR AND WISE THE POWER TO CUT OFF LARSEN'S CASE

I HOPE YOU FORGIVE ME, BOSS. THIS TIME, YOU'RE SAVED THROUGH TELECK'S



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When asked whether there were any other cases of rheumatic pains, I was told that there were many cases of rheumatic pains, and in many cases the whole skin had been completely restored.



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When asked whether there were any other cases of rheumatic pains, I was told that there were many cases of rheumatic pains, and in many cases the whole skin had been completely restored.

When asked whether there were any other cases of rheumatic pains, I was told that there were many cases of rheumatic pains, and in many cases the whole skin had been completely restored.

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LAUGHING RIVER

AFTER HE KILLED HIS PARTNER HE HAD ONLY 25 MILES TO TRAVEL TO TAKE HIM TO SAFETY. BUT HE OVERLOOKED THE FROZEN RIVER.

JERRY B. HENRY • FICTION

PETE TREMBLAY opened his eyes and for a moment stared idly at the spit also ending at the ceiling, heavily decorated in the dim post-dawn light that sifted softly through the crack ceiling-boards covered windows. He was in that dreamy mental state that precedes full awakening.

The room was icy cold. There was no cheerfully crackling fire in the little shut-down stove that stood in one corner. Then Tremblay remembered. His head ached in his throat and his heart gave a sudden wild thud. Involuntarily, he twisted his head and shot a quick glance at the bunk across the floor from him. It was empty as he knew it would be. He knew where his partner, Louis McKee, had gone the night—where he would spend miserably nights from now on—in the back seat of the bottom of Tim-tan's boat, weighted down with two twenty-pound bear traps that his partner had wired around his waist.

Louis McKee and Pete Tremblay, trappers, runners, prospectors, depending on the season, had trapped the

Tim-tan country, in the British Columbia pasture region, for the silky fur of the pine marten, and their luck had been rather good. When the late season they had sagged down the big bank at the end of February, the partners had against their traps, behind their coils of fifty-two marten pelts, and talked over plans of hunting the three-day trail down the Upper Adams River and Adams Lake to the first settlement.

But Pete Tremblay had a plan of his own. Fifty-two marten pelts meant at least three thousand dollars cash money in the nearest fur dealer, and three thousand was better, by a damn sight, than fifteen hundred, or more correctly, a thousand, since he owed Louis McKee five hundred dollars for his share of the winter's grubstake. If anybody became suspicious, he would say that Louis McKee had stayed on at Tim-tan for the better trapping that started March first, and that he had come out the supplies. Nobody, he was convinced, would question the logic of that.

The light of the new day was just



prolonging the lower slopes of the Two-ten Valley when John Treadwell left the cabin and opened the door behind him. He slipped his mountain feet into the snow-shoe harness, and started down the trail. At the first turn he stopped and looked back. A thin ridge of snow

STRONG STUFF!

We finished the hour, but nothing there stirred me. The pad of your maps there was a "No" at the station. I dropped Gumbert's arm, for a moment, then put my hands to each side of those hands and brought them together with a clasp like a couple of hands. Both the girls were silent, except on their cheeks, the cheeks, could see their eyes. They looked like two empty vessels. The bartender was watching me, his mouth open. I waved to him and said, "Charley, was, behind me the two girls tell off their coats and the dark like wet rain."

...the ...

"Are kidding?" I grinned. I told
you, you said you'd know.

Driving claim: But that's the way
John Hennessey wants to sell
S&P 500 companies' profits.

"I, the Jury"

In the SAT Series of MAN

wood-snaple was visible above the smoke-ridge. He shot one previous glimpse at the surface of the lake. The water-hole in the ice had frozen over during the night, and a new thin layer of snow had smothered it and covered the broken surface—and the patches of red. He saw of tragedy repeated, and the first thought late night.

He put another part of his plan into operation. He turned to his right left the trail that had north to Adams Lake and started hiking up the long slope of the mountains. Instead of following the three-day trail down to the Adams, he would tackle the comparatively short, 18 miles trek to the North Thompson River and the railway in the west. It was through high country, steep as hair, and it meant staid toil, staid work, but Louis Blake had not had a taste of old blazes that marked the route across. If he had any breaks he could make the climb and traverse to the Thompson, cross over the frames over in the railway, flag a train, and get into Kamloops City all within twenty-four hours.

The morning was half gone when he worked out of a wide valley and passed over the rim of the high plain-
 top. He had climbed close to five thousand feet. He was in a vast rolling country now, speckled with small green and brown trees, scrub, low brush with a mantle of snow.

Some of the larger trees were bleached, and Pete watched the sand follow in the trail, then he grinned his satisfaction when he saw the bleached oak before him, leading west. The bleaches were marking his way, but he knew they would, for he was a leader, too.

At noon, he halted the rapidity swing of his anemometer, tipped the trough, sawed down an ancient whetstone to make a seat, and ate his lunch, a slunk of ham and the most meat he had saved from breakfast and had wrapped in a shirt to defrost. In some degree, the penetration of the frost. He had planned on making a fire and having a can of tea, but there was a smouldering fever in his blood that played a gambler on each molecule of his time.

Abstract

him, as escaped from the assassin. Many days that had passed. Many more he had spent in the same manner in the Transvaal. Many days there was no yellow streak in the voracious nature of John Dumbler; yet he had lost the human presence of Louis Moffie in every corner, every shadow of the rising sun came in every whisper of the wind in the snow-crowned plains of the ascent and belated descent. The sound of that last rifle shot had seemed to submerge his mind like the final stroke of an iron ball, an solemn revelation played to him on and on forever. . . . Many thoughts of what the future held in store urged him to stand and shroud out the dark from Wain and women-bloody, brownish and red-brown.

The day was fairly calm, with a light breeze from the west. The temperature was in the 70's, and the humidity was just what we needed.

It was getting colder. Occasionally he glanced nervously at the high stems of about five feet covered last time half the distance to the Thompson when that which he feared, occurred—the ice broke through. With-
in ten minutes his warm legs had
drown the foam from the snow pas-
sage. The bows and blades of his
snowshoes became damp and began
to push up snow until each with
weighted ends passed. Every five
paces he was forced to halt, raise
each shoe in turn, and tap its snow-
bar with the heel of his left shoe
and soon he felt the same in his legs
as the machine progressed against the
unconventional weight and drag.

Any other day and Trembley would have answered the wish of the Fort Gods with Humphrey's blood enough to glaze the snow from the Great Ice under the stars and around the

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in 2001 at Cleveland Institute of Musical Language, all in a few lectures and seminars on music and little more. Columbus's.

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Today he was going well. He was well on his way toward the land of leisure and ease and money and safe—hard liquor, soft women and happy eating!

He lengthened his stride to make up for some of the delay caused by the wet snow ruckus. He was on his way to the automobile with a policeman stuffed with sandwiches, marionette. He had a stake! He figured fifty-two marionette parts, some of them as soft as a bread puff's spine under a new quilt hat, and nearly as black, would bring him three thousand, maybe four thousand dollars! What a big shot time he would have with that! And what distance he could place between himself and the daily miseries of Taw-tan Lake!

"Three thousand bucks!" he said to himself and the nearest attendant too. He threw back his head and laughed because of the joy in his heart. He forgot about the growing ache in his leg.

"I'll sell to the Redmen's Store, and I'll get a bill in a fat roll of cash money—some, two, three, fifteen!"

He tramped on his aching foot, then started talking to himself again, about his thoughts were introducing hypnotism. "I'll go up to Tony Spence's point," he said. "I wonder if Tony's still in the bootleg racket? And I'll go in and I'll tell Tony to set him up for the house. They will pay out his black eyes and he'll reward! If it isn't Pete Thompson! Where you been, Pete! They says, shake hands with my friend Pete Thompson, the best damn knapper that side of Paradise!"

"And some time, maybe will say, That don't mean nothing Tony, all knappers are the side of paradise. What kind of a knap do you think paradise is?"

"And then I'll see him!" Thompson's night fit tightened over the last of the trail run. "They will drag

"WAKE UP AND LIVE"

by

Frederick L. Thomson

Vigour In Middle Age

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*Could you find
the way to
Honeymoon Happiness?*

Many are the problems facing to-day's young newlyweds! Don't make an interesting report, by an experienced writer, in the May issue of—

True Story

56 CAVALLADE May 1933

the gay out. "Served the team right," he'll say. "We asked for it. What you were order to have. What's you drinking, Pete? I got Scotch and ice, rum and gin and good stout beer."

Pete Trembley stood up, his chin and laughing again. A warm smile on the sky overhead and drifter down to meetings the stream two-legged creature making the enormous tracks, croaked loudly, and with wildly flapping wings, wheeled about and headed the way it had come.

"I'll buy me a big room on the best hotel—a room with a big bed with white sheets, and a bathroom with a hot tub, and hot water running all the time," Pete Trembley went on. "I'll get a new suit with a gun strap and a green felt hat with a red feather in the band. And I'll buy a thicker basket with velvet lining and stuff rolled in. And I'll have a white silk handkerchief in my pocket, and those of four roses agree."

Other pictures came into the traveler's mind—warm, velvet pictures that made his blood race. He could see himself entering one of the Kew hotels, under the stars. The place lit with electric lights, and there were lovely music coming from the piano in one side. The air was filled with the intoxicating odors of food—luxury, love food.

He saw himself walking by the long counter and the tall velvet chairs holding a smiling line of waitresses, ladies, and a sprinkling of white-clothed men. He would sit at a table like a king. He saw himself at a table spread with a cloth of gleaming white. There were red flowers in a tall silver vase. The light sparkled on the vase and on the silver knives and forks and spoons. A girl with diamonds and an dress of new black brought him a menu. Her eyes were dark, mysterious with mystery

promise. The best of his pulses quickened. His lips were the shade of new blood too. The dark waves of her hair curled and held the crown of the electric light and surrounded the soft whiteness of her throat. He smiled at him.

He heard the sudden creak of velvet as he swung open the door of one of the rooms, beautiful four beds. He saw three women toward him—friendly, welcoming faces. Somebody made way for him at a table covered with red glass, the full ones topped with flowers like the snow that falls on a winter day. He heard the sound of a woman's laughter, high-pitched, coming through the hallway of voices like the flare of a rocket in the dark. What-voiced men, nervous, tense, looked with white-charged faces passed steadily among the crowded tables. He caught a round and he ordered coffee—fit expensive cups with milk.

Men shook his hand. Men stopped him on the bank. Women smiled at him. . . . His eyes, brown eyes, gray eyes.

The upturned lip of one of Pete Trembley's shoes caught on a pane and scattered by the snow. Trembley stumbled, nearly fell. The pictures in his mind blurred out. The feet asked.

But almost immediately the excited whistles raced back again and crowded out all trace of pain. He commenced to waver about stopping. There was no station within forty miles of where he would strike the railway.

"I'll bag down the first unoccupied train that comes along, freight or passenger," he said. "I'll build a hell of a big the complete the tracks and I'll wave her down. By the Great Powers, I'll build a fire right between the rails. I'll stop her. I've got to

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If your subject is not shown, send for a list.

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MEN

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IMPORTANT

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Draper, C. and B. 1982. *Draper and Smith's Applied Regression Analysis*. Wiley, New York.

PLEASE SEE THE LISTING OF ADDRESSES
ON SEVERAL PAGES FOR WORKERS

Figure 1

He chuckled as he made down pictures of the engineer bringing the two locomotives to a grinding halt. It would probably be dark by the time he had his signal fire going. He could picture the trainmen dropping off the sleeping train from the steps of the coaches, or from the distant round-up, as men he drew a freight. The trainmen would advance along the sides of the cars, their lanterns swaying and bobbing like great flashes. They would be placed one by one, and

The conductor would come storming up. He'd likely say, "What the hell do you mean stopping that train? Do you think you're God. I've a good mind to run you in for this. We're late already and now you've got to back some more!"²²

The treatment would give help fully at last. The surgeon, hearing from his high one, would say something about having him down the grade. And he'd have his month's rest, gather up his gear and follow them back to the dry woods, or the outcome, and attack them. They'd promise and squawk some more, and then one of them would ask where he'd come from, was he back, was he back?

And then, lips and lips, one of them would offer him a good-bye from his lips, and maybe a piece of skin and there'd be coffee if he wanted and a pepperoni sandwich, the customer would wait for his heavy money, look across, walk out of the car with a Christian sharply evident in every line of his shoulders and the tilt of his head up. But after a while he'd come back alone to hands him the a minute or two but how he was feeling, where he'd come from, how fast he reached such a family, God-fearing stretch of track. Three million of the marriage division would see a man's head.

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filled with shattered images. It had not restored the movement about of the trail suddenly to become aware of it, and the sports moved to new heights. He had passed over the divide and now the country was sloping down into the valley of the Thompson. Unconsciously, he quickened his pace. The bounding had improved him. The men had passed six months, and the men, shorter now out of the northwest, had lost their power to suffer the more northern. And it had become much sabbath.

"It wasn't too long now," Thimbleby said. "I knew the Thimbleby luck would hold. In an hour, maybe less, Eli be sinking the rafters. Gosh, wasn't that be something! And then Kewings, and light and more, and talk, and . . ."

In a revealed value for song, a list of items of an old song of the First Wave, as he remembered the surprising words.

The ground sloped down toward the west, and occasionally, through breaks in the trees, he caught glimpses of the high skyline of the mountains on the west side of the Thompson. He groaned as he gazed west. He started to purr again. That was not good, he knew, for the temperature had fallen far below zero, but he had never a big fire going now, and then, after that, none he hoped, had to be in the worst, brilliant weather of a train wrecked the red and white young animals.

At last he reached a point close to the river and two or three hundred feet above it. The trail led out of an old barn, covered with Christmas trees.

Weld Your Car



After the members of the jury were dismissed from the courtroom and taken to the holding facilities, the defendant's attorney immediately requested that the jury be sequestered and brought to the jury room as soon as possible. The court granted the request and the jury was taken to the jury room. The court then returned to the courtroom and the trial resumed.

This example using 10 iterations and 8-point quadrature will be posted to you by EPRG. Please email any comments about the code to 10100000@ucl.ac.uk

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He would make a philosopher there on the shore—get a fine cigar, leave the more serious alongside with spruce couple. And he would not for a while, leave himself to get the terms of nature that he had saved from death.

He then moved on, and there was a sharp pain in his left side that wouldn't go away. He stopped suddenly on his knees, and his arms were bent, motionless. Twice more he fell and each time he started hastily the heavy pain, and the other, three thousand dollars took of it.

A few yards into the green timber and he halted and looked the more from a distance that he seemed a lightning bolt. He stumbled out of his pocketbook and out down, leaving his back against the pine. The air was bitterly cold. The temperature with the setting of the sun, had not shifted downward. It had plunged. The whole point of the north, were glowing from the lead with their last shining from a white to the turning of water.

Trunking wanted to pull off one of his shirts. He wanted to have a smoke and his pipe was in a state of panic. But he wasn't very satisfied with it. Anyway, his arms crossed later with great weight.

In a few minutes he felt better. He thought by some strange magic the air left his legs and back and the smoking gun in his side left him too. He realized with slow confused amazement that he felt fine. He looked up at the stars, and thought—this layer of cloud had drifted across the sky. The points of light seemed blurred. Some of the brightest stars were outlined by luminous bands that contracted and expanded like streams, slender before, as time with the slow pumping of his heart. If only the great weakness would leave him, he thought, he'd get along to that

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Build up with Pelmanism NOW

IF you are amongst the many men and women who have completed the Pelmanism Course we urge you to read these notes the lessons and personal notes sent to you. Lessons 1 and 2 should be read immediately so that you will recall the facts to your advantage, which come with the turning of an eye and the enlargement of your power to do things effectively.

IF you are now going through the Pelmanism Course we would like you to read as your progress, week after week, regularly and so not the moment when continually slow.

IF you are not yet a Pelmanist, but have had a copy of "The Efficient Mind," will you please read it again? If you have not had a copy we shall be happy to send you one. Write or call. The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester House, 221 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

The Pelman Training is scientific, precise and individual. It will help to make your efforts immediately fruitful, at work, socially, and in your leisure time.

New Zealand Inquiries

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the New Zealand Government, has made arrangements to meet the financial requirements and enable residents of New Zealand to send for the Pelman Course of Training without delay. Write to the first address to the Pelman Institute, Melbourne.

The Course is complete and thorough and the subject covered is 1,200 pages.

My obedient servant has prepared, personally — 1,200,000,000.

I understand it is an old and true story, and the only way to find out is to read it. The only way to find out is to read it. The only way to find out is to read it.

My obedient servant has prepared, personally — 1,200,000,000. I have written it in the only way to find out is to read it. The only way to find out is to read it.

I am now preparing the most complete and thorough course in the world to be an efficient citizen of the world.

In my last issue I had the pleasure to receive letters and papers, showing that many were making progress — 1,200,000,000. My Father.

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
21 Gloucester House, 221 Flinders Lane,
Melbourne.

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Efficient Mind."

Name

Address

Turn back the clock ten years!



IMPORT'S

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After thirty years of age, your body slows down its own natural manufacture of hormones. You start to grow short of them. You start to need them. The result is part of what we call "growing old." It shows in skin, hair, muscle-tone, mental alertness and general health.

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HONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Since this remarkable cream is somewhat expensive, please use it as directed for a full week.

Then, if you wish, you may return it to Kieft Pty. Ltd., Box 181, C.F.O., Sydney, with not more than a quarter of the cream used. You will receive an immediate refund of the whole of your purchase price. This offer shows how confident Kieft is that this modern scientific cream will improve your health noticeably within three days.

"Fortex" is sold by chemists everywhere. They are *not* to be squandered away from all subdivisions. But if you have any difficulties in buying "Fortex" locally, please contact: Kieft Pty. Ltd., Box 181, C.F.O., Sydney.

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dark spots of ageing from. He didn't feel cold any more, only warm and comfortable and sleepy.

That was the way he had felt mornings at the first Tom-Tom cabin, and he listened for the clanging clanking of the fat pipe fire in the little shut-out stove that Louise changed in. He couldn't hear it—he couldn't hear anything. But there was nothing to worry about, Louise would have the fire going soon—then there would be glowing cups of coffee, golden streaks of bacon meat sizzling in hot fat, and brown-crusted biscuits that shot forth streaks of butter-splashing steam when the crust was broken. Louise would have the fire going soon. His partner, Louise McKee, was his best partner a freeman ever had. It had been a hot break for him when he had landed up with Louise. But he always had been a lucky guy. He'd just wile back and mope a bit until Louise got ready to start the day.

The pickaxe of morning pain fell from the window and passed across one of Pete Tremblay's legs. He did not feel it. His hand was about back against the pane and his eyes were

open. But he could not see the frost-etched glass. He was waiting for

Murder. It's Called!

The door opened under my touch and a blast of morning fumes struck my nostrils. Edith Walker was dead. She lay on the floor in the hall, eyes staring vacantly at the wall. A bullet hole directly over the heart, a bullet hole that was made by a .45.

We found John Walker, all right. He lay at the foot of the bed with his head in a puddle of his own blood and brains, and with a hole squarely between the eyes. On the wall was more of his gun, with the glester smoked from where the bullet entered.

Read the sensational WEEKLY
SPILLANE thriller

"I, the Jury"

In the MAY issue of **MAN**

Louis McKee to start the action free, and a little smole of excitement lifted the corners of her smiling lips

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Talking Points

DEATH AND LIFE

On page 4 there is an interesting article about people who have been buried, apparently dead, yet have actually been alive. Such an occurrence has taken place thousands of times, and is comparatively recent times. To distinguish between life and death is not as simple as it may seem, as you will discover when you read "Can You Die and Still Live?" **WHELAN**

When a woman was murdered and her skeleton recovered unharmed, it seemed that the crime was one of passion. But the Chief of the French Police reasoned that the murderer would return for their victim's bones as Agatha in a natural death and the Chief thought the murderer was an Agatha Hunt "Bride in the Dark" by J. W. Boyce. It is on page 5. **WHELAN**

The movie CAVALCADE began a new series, entitled "Story Series of the Silver Screen." The first of the series is Harold Lloyd, current star, who played a role in the movie for a while. This series will always be on page 18. **CHALMERS**

Well-known being writer, Roy Mitchell, tells, on page 20, the story of Rocky Goodson, "The Companion Of Trouble." A dead-end kid, Rocky battled against his three-foot life boxing career. He did many years

there, but at times it seems he was unfairly treated. Was he smart, or was he dumb again?

WENT DOWN

Do you believe in mental telepathy? Would you like to have the power to transmit your thoughts to others — or to be able to receive the thoughts of others? Read "The Man At South Sea," and you will be surprised that such power are not the sole property of a few Japs. Raymond tells the story of a King of Hawaii who went mad, but who was not content. "The Mad Man King" was loved by all his subjects. Alford Yonkers, who delights in tales of violence, wrote "The Mad Man" especially for the CAVALCADE. It is a true account of a bloody massacre as has happened in U.S.A. J. W. Bennett, writer of the romance, as he has chosen with "The Hunter Who Shot Love." **FORREST** Not a bit of it. It is said that Roy Mitchell is in the line again, with another boxing story, entitled "Mighty Good Gooding." Another Goodie-side writing, James Holliday and Spencer Leasing have excellent articles in next month's issue, while before then we will extend for with four interesting stories. One is about a man who disappeared again and did not know what he would find upon his return to Earth. Read "Dead From The Stars."



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